



The fragrance which recaptures the happiness of a precious moment and imparts that feeling of charming freshness which is youth itself. Enjoy it in its many forms.

YARDLEY LAVENDER





Each week The Australian Women's Weekly publishes an attractive home plan. These plans can be obtained at the Weekly's Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Mel-bourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Hobart. The plans are also on sale in Geelong.

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The australian

JANUARY 22, 1958

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BRITAIN MAKES A Our cover. MOVE FOR PEACE

THE British Prime Minister (Mr. Macmillan), on the eve of his British Commonwealth tour, began the new year with a constructive statement.

He suggested, among other things, a 'solemn pact of non-aggression" with the Soviet Union as a means of achieving some lasting stability between the mut-ually suspicious East and West power blocs.

"This has been done before," he said. "It would do no harm. It might do good."

Mr. Macmillan's statement should not be loosely labelled a "peace offensive" or a "peace drive"words which reflect thinking far from peaceful.

For once it should be called what it is - a friendly offer to set down and honor a plan for that "peaceful co-exis-tence" Mr. Kruschev talks about.

But apart from the implications of the Prime Minister's offer, his statement is a welcome sign of independent thinking

that must exist even in a partnership.

Many people have felt in the past few years that Britain has been inclined to sit in an outer office of the American State Department like a senior clerk.

But Britain is not a sputnik of the United States, she is a long-experienced partner, and Mr. Macmillan, as spokesman for his country, is beginning to act

 The Queen Mother, who will visit Australia next month, is Chancellor Australia next month, is Chantedon
of London University. Our cover picture shows her at the University's Foundation Day celebration. At left is the
Vice-Chancellor, Dr. J. F. Lockwood.

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WEEKLY ROUND

 Our Art Prize, already one of the richest in the world, will be increased by £500 this year, making total prize-money of £2500.

SINCE its establishment as a Portrait Prize in 1955, the competition has attracted entries from noted artists in Europe, Asia, and America.

Next week we announce full details of the new ar-rangements for the prize, which include an additional section.

MANY of our readers will MANY of our readers will remember the previous visit to Australia in 1927 by the Queen Mother, then the Duchess of York, and they will enjoy the reminiscences about that visit (pages 4 and 5). Incidentally, we hear that Her Majesty dislikes the title "Queen Mother," and prefers "Queen Elizabeth," although newspapers find it essential to newspapers find it essential to make the distinction by using the former term. Her full and correct title is "Her Majesty

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother."

We hear also that she dis-likes wired flowers, and when possible always prefers that bouquets be handed to her by children.

THE school holidays will soon be over, and in this week's issue we publish some "back to school" features which should be useful for mothers. The pattern page shows school clothes, and the cookery page gives suggestions for lunch-boxes.

The story about uniforms on

page 29 reminds us that schoolgirls, or some of them, are extraordinarily ingenious at giving a currently fashion-able touch to garments which are designed to keep a young lady's mind off fashion and on her books.

Generations of headmis-Generations of headmis-tresses have noted the mys-terious things that can be done to a plain school hat. If the grown-up girls are wearing off-the-face hats, the school hats tilt back. If a sideways tilt is fashionable, the panamas go down over one eyebrow. Tunics are more difficult, but this season they're easy to adapt to the current sack look, which will cheer up the prospective candidates for future lists of best-dressed women.

COLOR pictures on pages 8 and 9 were taken by Frank Jenkins, assistant cameraman and stills photographer of Australian Instructional Films

Pty. Ltd.
This Sydney film unit took
This Sydney film unit took a color documentary film, "Operation Wasteland," of the reclamation scheme. It will be shown in Australia and overseas.

In re-creating scenes of the scheme's beginnings in 1950, scheme's beginnings in 1950, the director-producer, Mr. Lex Halliday, used some of the 13 original applicants for blocks. "Stars" are Russ and Mary Lines and their family, who live at Willalooka, 23 miles south of Keith, S.A.

* * * *

PAL CLEARY, author of "The Perfectionist" be-

"The Perfectionist," be-ginning on page 19, is a younger brother of Jon Cleary, and one of Sydney's most pro-mising young writers. We pub-lished his first story a few lished his first story a few years ago, and since then have bought several. Now only 21, Pal leaves for Canada and the United States at the end of this month. He will spend three months in Canada, and

then go to Stanford University, California, to take a course in creative literature. Incidentally, we thought "Pal" was a pen-name or a nickname, but he tells us that it was chosen by his father, a boxer and a great friend of the American negro boxer Pal American negro boxer Pal Brown, who came to Australia early in the century. The late Mr. Cleary determined to give the name to one of his sons and eventually waited for the



CLEAR UP B SKIN FAST

New Balm's amaz action

MILLIONS of people and needlessiy from it and embarrassment of a pimples. Many comm troubles such as rashes, we care an anow be hasie in only a few days. Whe these troubles? Germ breed under your slin.

No single antisept kill the whole wide rathese germs.

hill the whole wide in these germs.

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"JUST MISS SMITH" HAD ROYAL WEDDING



• More Royal guests than at the Queen's wedding in 1947 attended the marriage of Miss Ann Abel Smith and Mr. David Liddell-Grainger in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, last month. The bride, who before her marriage called herself "just Miss Smith," is the elder daughter of Colonel Sir Henry Abel Smith, recently appointed Governor of Queensland, and Lady May Abel Smith, the daughter of Princess Alice. The bridegroom, who is the owner of large Scottish estates, is a stepson of Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, a former Governor of South Australia.



WEDDING PROCESSION leaving historic St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, who is accompanying her parents to Queensland, talks to the small bridesmaids and pages, followed by Royal bridesmaids Princess Christina of Sweden, Princess Irene of the Netherlands, and Countess Viktoria Castell.

FORMAL GROUP, taken after the wedding of Miss Ann Abel Smith and Mr. David Liddell-Grainger. Front row: Young attendants Marilyn Tabor. Christopher Abel Smith. Catriona Stewart, Brook Kitchin, Rosemary Orde-Powlett. Second row: Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, Princess Christina of Sweden, Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith (bride's sister), Princess Irene of the Netherlands. Back row: Diana Birbeck, Angela Bowlby, best man Mr. Julian Byng, bride and the bridegroom, Bridget de Craz, and the Countess Viktoria Castell.



TOAST TO THE BRIDE, whose veil was worn by the late Queen Mary for her wedding, from her mother, Lady May Abel Smith, her mother-in-law, Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey, and father-in-law, Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey. Queen Elisabeth, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, and Princess Sibylla of Sweden were guests.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958

Page 3

the best stick deodorant Instant ever made only

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This is it - the stick deodorant that wipes out perspiration odour instantly, lastingly. Underarms start dry, stay dry, when you use Odo-ro-no stick daily.

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Page 4

Queen Mother's visit

The visit of the Queen Mother to Australia next month will revive memories of her last visit as Duchess of York in 1927. Here, Melbourne journalist Gladys Hain recalls outstanding impressions of that early tour.

WHEN the Queen Mother came to Australia she was pretty, in a girlish, rather oldfashioned way. She was then younger than her daughter the Queen is now. Her dark brown hair was parted in the middle and she had a short, rather ragged fringe. The Duchess had an easy smile and her skin was very good.

As the clothes of the period concealed her figure, we saw only that she was short to petiteness. In spite of the ugly fashions of the day and the particularly awful hat the period at the control of the styles she always looked attrac-

In repose she had a "still-ness" which seemed to indi-cate she could relax com-

Sometimes, when she looked straight at you, you had the impression she was not quite the uncomplex character her smiling face seemed to indicate. It was a curious look, neither kind nor unkind, but rather quizzing,

The Royal couple seemed very good chums. They danced together at every big ball, and gave, to me at least, the impression that they had a life all of their own and could forget about being Royal at the drop of a hat.

Then, as now, the Duchess went in for pastel shades in her clothes. All her outdoor ensembles looked a little alike. ensembles looked a little alike. They invariably consisted of a light frock — pink, blue, parchment, and grey — and over this a coat of a rather more elaborate fabric—heavy satin, metal-threaded brocade, fine cloth with a silver thread



OFFICIAL DUTIES were quickly resumed by the Duchess of York on her return to England after touring Australia. This is one of many foundation stones she laid in 1928.

woven through it, or much bescrolled velvet.

Cuffs and collars of fur finished the coats or, if not a full collar, then a necklet of it.

She did not wear such high heels as she and her daughters do now, and she wore rather less gorgeous jewellery than Queen Elizabeth, But she had not inherited, as her daughter has, Queen Mary's jewels.

Her evening gowns were fairy-like as are the present Queen's. They were made of lovely soft laces and ivory satins glistening with beading. She had good shoulders and the coronets went well with the hairdo the Duchess never changed. changed.

One unrehearsed excitement of the Royal visit for women was the constant possibility that the Duchess and a guest at a ball would be wearing identical frocks.

It did happen early in the visit at Melbourne when the Duchess and a well-known Melbourne hostess appeared in identical creations in ivory lace and tulle, with coral and opalescent bugling down the front of bodice and skirt.

The lady in question at once indicated she would retire, but the Duchess sent a lady-in-waiting to tell her not to dream of doing so.

the story Nevertheless. travelled Australia in seconds, and at each subsequent ball there was added zest in the quest for a dress twin for the

It could happen then quite easily. Queen Mary and the Duchess shopped at well-known London shops and did

not require exclusive models. A saleswoman from a Regent Street salon much favored by Queen Mary told me that the only "must" was that the

frock should never cost me than £40.

During their Australian v whose first child had her birthday while they were tour, seemed to take a spec-interest in anything concern

children. They showed particular a preciation for the toys presented to them for little Pr Betty, as she was

The barge was a freque means of transport for it Duke and Duchess during the visit.

visit.

At Farm Cove, Sydney, in Royalties got off without a cident, but when they arrive in Melbourne a boistern wind sent mountainous was against the St. Kilda Fig.

against the St. Kilda Pi where the official landing w to take place.

The Duke was told anxious officials that perha he might prefer to land Port Melbourne.

The Duke showed an une

pected streak of obstinacy.
"Was the landing at

"Was the landing at N Kilda the one arranged for he asked. Told that it was he said, "Well, we'll last there." And no suggestion of possible seasickness coumake him change his mind. The Royal party wan't seick, but it is on record the some of those anxiously watching the harree's stormy classes.

ing the barge's stormy pass

The Royalties, after visiti N.S.W., Queensland, and V. toria, went by train to Ca-berra, where on May 9 th Duke was to open the new built Federal Parliams House and the first meeting the Federal Parliament.

Great preparations had bee made in the new Federal cap tal for the visit.

But, although £12,000,00

30 YEARS OF ROYAL FASHI



SUPERBLY BEADED CHEMISE and matching bandeau were worn by the Duchess of York when the posed with the Duke for this official photograph.



CLOCHE HAT was worn by the FEATHER BOA was Duchess, here with Lady de Chair, worn by the Duchess wife of the then Governor of N.S.W. her day ensembles.



had been spent, the capital still looked like a scattered collec-tion of unrelated houses and public buildings.

The empty spaces between the scattered buildings, how-ever, would, on the great day, the planning committee be-lieved, be invaded by hordes the highseers. And they of sightseers. An

Also they rehearsed. Oh,

A directive issued to mem-bers of State Parliaments and their wives gives some idea of The meticulous care given to the problem of "every one in his place."

The directive ran as follows. Members will on the day of the opening arrive at a spot one mile from the cere nonial stands. They must walk ver somewhat rough country, o arrive at which they will entrain outside the city area. They will be supplied with hampers at a cost of 10/- each. In these will be enough food for BREAKFAST, LUN-CHEON, and TEA. The

But the quaintest effort vas the one to accommodate ial visitors in a tent To this area I was to or a tent so that I would have somewhere to rest be-ween spells of work.

Nellie Melba

When I arrived the tent rea could not be found. I ever found it. But later Mr. crie Cox, novelist and "Argus" orrespondent, told me that he and Mr. Norman McCance ad located a lone tent in a ast field, and finding it un-ccupied had made it their

It was, so it turned out when my proprietors wrote to protest that I had not found my such accommodation, the

It was not visible from most c. The crowds simply had tayed away.

As for me, I was very com-ortable in a private home,

where the generous owners offered me bed and board.

On the great day the Royalties arrived outside Parliament House and the first ceremony took place on the steps. Most of it, including Dame Nellie Melba's singing of the National Anthem, lost some significance owing to the noise of the planes overhead.

Not being an official Press correspondent I had to make my own arrangements to get inside the Senate. I walked in with an ex-Senator from Tas-mania, who had no wife but an invitation for one, and who genially offered me the role for the ceremony.

The only outstanding memory I have of that cere-mony was the Duchess leaning forward to the Duke while he

I was told afterwards that she tapped the back of his hand once with her fingers when he was having trouble with his words.

His stammer was not very noticeable then, and he had begun to try to cure it. She was undoubtedly on the lookout for any long pause.

At the evening reception to overseas representatives the company, free from the cares of the opening ceremony, danced happily to "Bye, Bye, Black Bird" and "Mary Lou." My overall recollection of

the tour is of a very happy, almost carefree, time, compared with the terrific rush of subsequent Royal visits.

Perhaps we all, including the Duke and Duchess, had hearts young and gay; per-haps Royal protocol was not so exacting.

Anyhow, nobody criticised the Duchess' dressing, except the Melbourne University students, who, in their rag, guyed her hats; no one thought of submitting the Duke's speeches to minute analysis; the Duke took time off for tennis, and the Duchess to rest, without anyone registering shocked surprise.

Even the Duke, when sur-

Even the Duke, when sur-rounded so closely at a Mel-bourne reception that an in-

ALWAYS IN THE

quisitive old lady got the chance to give him a prod only said with a disarming smile, "Visitors are requested

not to touch the exhibits."
In Dunedin, during the New Zealand visit, the Duke roared with laughter while he "played the organ" by turning a handle of an old-fashioned whizzer.

Brisbane he laughed In heartily during the second act of "Wattle Farm," a "bellow-

of Wattle Farm, a benow-drama" with an affecting story, While staying at "Camden Park," where Mr. and Mrs. James Macarthur-Onslow did the honors in the absence of Miss Macarthur, he rode over to the Camden Show and steered his horse straight into

"No, Bertie"

In Melbourne, the late James Quinn, an artist who had painted portraits of both Royalties, looked forward to meeting them in his Melbourne studio.

"Jimmy" tidied up the Collins Street studio by mov-ing one set of untidy pictures to another side of the room, where they leaned against the wall, and said happily that the Duke wouldn't mind.

I do not know whether it was of that visit, or of one to his London studio, that the artist told me this story, but he stated that the Duke was an inveterate teller of good stories, and that the only time the Duchess got a "look in" was when she said, "No, Bertie, NOT that one."

One great advantage of those days was the Royal open carriage drawn by four horses.

The Royal pair never ceased acknowledging greetings, and the Duchess was particularly happy in her smile (which looked genuine), and in her raised hand, which never be-came a mechanical gesture.

The Queen Mother, who will visit here soon, has 30 years of varied joy and sorrow between her and those

She has been praised, some-times criticised — especially

PURLIC

for her clothes-and she has now more or less retired from the centre of the Royal stage.

But for her, and for us, this visit has great possibilities. It is always good to recall old days; it is always beneficial to see what time has made of those who have played such a big part in our lives.

Overleaf: "Queen Mum"



"THE LITTLE DUCHESS'

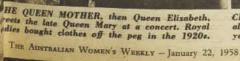


SCOTTISH TWEEDS have always been included in her wardrobe. Here she is pictured with her grandchildren, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, at Windsor.

was the affectionate title given to the Queen Mother when she visited Australia with her husband in 1927.

CRINOLINE COWNS always been a favorite over the years with the Queen Mother.







"Queen Mum" blazes a Royal trail

Australian visit will be blueprint for informal tours

• When the Queen Mother visits Ausralia and New Zealand next month on ner "informal, please" tour, she will carry out the important role of "trail-blazer" for the Royal Family.

flown right round the world, with a minimum of fuss, on the modern-style Royal tour, and every minute of her trip will be closely followed and asessed by Buckingham

If the tour is successful, Princess Margaret is now al-most certain to follow the 'Queen Mum's" path to Austealia next year.

(Anne Matheson predicted his during the Queen's Canadian visit late last year when a member of the Royal Household told her in an exorief and informal tours would be a feature of the Royal Family's new, democratic pro-

Throughout the Queen Mother's tour, fixed-time tele-phone calls have been arso that the can give the Queen and Prince Philip a first-hand account of daily happenings nd her frank assessment of an informal programme.

These telephone conversa-tions will be an invaluable guide in shaping future Royal tours, and will be particularly useful as a record, because the Queen Mother doesn't keep a

No time to write

Her Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Jean Rankin, told me when I had tea with her at Clarence House recently that the Queen Mother "likes to talk things over with the Queen, and these days there isn't time for detailed writing.

For "Queen Mnm," who is deeply interested in all kinds of people and the way they live, the role of trail-blazer is

In fact, she has "firsts" to her credit.

For instance, she was the first Queen to hold a Press onference.

This happened on the Royal tour of South Africa in 1947, 10 years before it was rumored that the Palace and Press were to be brought closer together by such conferences.

Only three women journal-Only three women journalists, including myself, were invited to the South African conference, at which the Queen, as she then was, endeared herself to us by her interest and consideration for others.

T will be the first time us the sitting-room and bed-room of her suite, and, with us the string-room and oct-room of her suite, and, with her rare gift of putting every-one at ease, broke the ice by immediately asking us out

"How do you manage to live out of a suitcase?" she asked. "And it must be a problem keeping your hair nice with all this dust and with travelling all the time

Then she told us much that she had seen in nearly 10,000 miles of travel. And it was not an off-the-record

As members of the Press party we were allowed to use in our reports her animated and shrewd observations of all that had impressed her as a

After tea, the Queen led us down the corridors to meet the

Another incident which should be included in the Queen Mother's "path-find-ing" career occurred on her ing" career occurred on her visit to America late in 1954.

It was her informal shopping trip, similar to the Queen's visit to a supermarket last year.

"The whole trip was so impromptu that no arrange-ments were made," Lady Jean Rankin told me. "Crowds gathered so quickly that the store-manager had to stop the lift between floors to decide with the Queen Mother which departments she would like to

This must surely be the first time Royalty has planned its visits in a lift, between floors, but it was no trouble to the enterprising Queen Mother.

She was also the first mem-She was also the first member of Royalty to vary official engagements by having people "unofficially" to lunch. "We often do not know who is coming to lunch until the Queen Mother asks us to make up the number at table," a member of her Household told me

As Queen, she was the first to make a real home within a palace and a battleship.

After the war, when fabrics were rationed and colors dreary, she saved her coupons for pretty, feminine materials so that the Royal suite on Vanguard and in her apartments at Buckingham Palace would reflect her own taste.

And the *Queen Mother brought to the Royal Family the gift of strengthening the bond between Monarchy and the people.

"I thought you would like to see how I live on the Royal train," she said, as she showed "I king, every job she undertook became something special, and her amazing personality and



RECENT STUDY of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. Known to all the Englishspeaking world as a poised and gracious Royal lady, she has been nicknamed "Queen
Mum" affectionately in Britain because of her regard for the well-being of those around
her and her very real interest in the lives and problems of all she meets.

vitality shone through the war

years.
In one Christmas broadcast after another, the late King emphasised how much his wife's loyalty and devotion meant to him.

After his death, it was a long time before the grief-stricken Queen Mother made appearance at public

Feeling the only life for her was that of a woman in re-tirement, she bought the Castle of Mey, on the easterly tip of Caithness, and in plan-ning its landscape gardens and decorating her new Scottish home she gradually overcame her deep sorrow. Close personal friends, like Lady Doris Vyner, glimpsed again the vivacity and wit

that were so much part of her personality.

But it was not until after her daughter Elizabeth had been crowned Queen that she embarked on a full official programme.

Now she is once more play-ing a most important part in the pattern of British Mon-

No one could be better fitted for the task of estab-lishing a blueprint for future Royal tours. As one American said to me before the Queen's visit last year: "The Queen sand to life before the Queen's visit last year: "The Queen is sure to be loved in our country because we already love her mother so much."

The Queen Mother's success in her Royal roles stems mainly from her zest for living and her deep love of people.

That is why her programme is never irksome. No one commiserates if her days are long and her jobs arduous. Her talent is so tremendous that she turns routine into great personal pleasure and everyone with her is carried along on her buoyancy.

Lady Jean Rankin said: "I really don't know how she does it. She leaves us all wondering."

is difficult to say just where her private life ends and her public duties begin.

There is, of course, a wide division, but she lives both so thoroughly and happily that they almost seem to be one and the same.

In Rhodesia she was conin knodesia she was con-cerned when she found life was not highly comfortable for journalists: "How terrible to expect hot weather when it is in fact so cold. I'll see what I can do," she said. And she did, to everyone's com-plete comfort.

"Let's have a film sent round," she said on another occasion, when she realised overtired journalists would welcome a break And more than that, she sent for rugs for us to tuck round our legs when grasshoppers became

Her concern about the in-adequate blanket supply for a handful of Press people in

ANNE MATHESON. of our London staff

Rhodesia was as real as her concern that Princess Margaret enjoy a visit abroad.

"Oh, I do miss Margaret when she is away," she has often confessed. "Are there any films we could run through at home?'

When I asked Lady Jean Rankin whether the Queen Mother really loved fishing from her caravan drawn up on the River Dee, she said: "Yes. She does use it for fish-ing, but she bought it to house the overflow from Birkhall.

"You see, she was always anxious to have as many of her friends round as possible when she was holidaying. Now Birkhall has been added to, and the caravan isn't needed for that purpose.'

Incidentally, her fishing stories of "the ones that got away" are as good as the next.

Regal soprano

The Queen Mother took driving lessons in 1953, and drives her black Jaguar at speed over the flat lands of the east coast of Scotland.

Now fishing, motoring, and racing, which she took up only to please the Queen, are some of her hobbies.

But they are by no means

Australians should not be surprised if they hear a light soprano voice lilting through the air if and when the Queen Mother goes motoring.

She loves to sing. When the King was alive, she often sang to him, accompanying herself on the piano. Now she sings in the car.

"And it is surprising how she knows all the words of the latest songs," said a lady-in-waiting, with undisguised astonishment in her voice.

But the explanation is simple. When she is not on an official outing, "Queen Mum" stays at home, and immediately turns on the radio or television.

Then there is always Prin-

cess Margaret to keep her up to date in modern music. Acting charades is another of the Queen Mother's great

She has never forgotten she is a Highlander, and has re-vived a love for Gaelic, and made Highland dancing as popular through the years as any current vogue from the Charleston to jive and rock-

And though she is easygoing in most respects, woe betide anyone she comes across who doesn't take the trouble

"You have been with us long enough now to learn the steps," she once told the cap-tain of the King's Flight. And the same went for the Duke of Edinburgh, who at that time had to be pushed through his

These incidents are pointers to the human and vivacious personality who is the "Queen Mum" Australia will take right to its heart.

Pioneers made the desert bloom



BY HARD WORK Mr. and Mrs. David Davidson and their son Andrew have made their corner of the South Australian wasteland flower. Here they are at work in their garden. one of the most attractive on the blocks. David was first to get his block.



HOMESTEAD of Mt. Gambier stone belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Champion, of Willalooka. This three-bedroom house was one of six designs from which "blockees" could choose. Jack has planted 300 shrubs in his garden, and cemented the paths.



STUART AND JOAN SPENCER with small sons Douglas (right) and Craig in their modern kitchen. The slow-combustion stove, at left, also provides an excellent hot-water service. Last year Joan won a cookery prize in The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Blockees" win homesteads, properties from wasteland

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

MEET the "blockees." They are not in the dictionary yet, but they should be some day, because they are part of contemporary Australian his-

Eighty families of them represent a new kind of pioneer. Under an unusual land settlement scheme most are already on their own blocks and the rest will be by next June.

rest will be by next June.

The blocks — roughly 1000 acres each — are pastured, equipped, and stocked with 1200 to 1500 sheep, or, more technically, "dry ewes." Each block has a handsome £4000 modern, three-bedroom house.

Locale of the scheme is the former 90-mile desert in the south-east of South Australia, with the town of Keith as its

Involved are 120,000 acres of former desert wasteland.

Creators and sponsors are a.M.P. Society. Those who worked to de-velop the land and make the desert bloom are "blockees."

They were recruited on a five-year plan. When the land was ready the blocks were balloted among them,
There were six choices of design for the houses, each

design for the houses, each with mod. cons., set down by the Society — hot and cold water service, made possible by the slow-combustion stoves and the unlimited supplies of mal-lee roots on the property; stainless-steel sink; a certain

amount of tiling in kitchen and bathroom; modern bath and basin; two two-thousand-gallon rainwater tanks and house-water bore (irrespective of other bores out on the prop-erty); septic sewerage system;

erty]; septic sewerage system; electricity plant; washing machine; refrigerator.

Huge plate-glass windows frame magnificent views.

The majority of the houses are either of Mount Gambier stone or a veneer of this stone on prefab. bases.

The settlement scheme has had three centres. Brecon, south of Keith, was first and largest, followed by Sherwood, and, later, Inglewood.

The labor involved in get-ting the "desert" fertile was giant-size. During the five years between the acceptance of applicants for the scheme until they became "blockees," until they became "blockees," the men had to fell the scrub, dry it out, burn it, plough, level, fertilise, and sow with subterranean clover.

The first year's growth of clover was ploughed in to provide humus for the subsequent grasses. Seeding and fertilising with superphosphate and trace elements was done in one operation by six twin breadester there.

broadcasters abreast.

Grasses included the spectacular South African veldt grass and N.Z. rye grass. The subterranean clover, although an annual, seeds freely and deeply and, in effect, becomes

a perennial.

Throughout these activities the A.M.P. Society worked in

close liaison with the Sout Australian Government, as soil surveys were made con stantly, the land treated an assessed for its carryin. capacity.

The hub of activity at fire was the Brecon workshop, near which was established small village of pre-fab hu for the prospective "blockers and their families.

Short-cut methods of deal ing with the immense tracts o virgin country were evolved

For instance, at first length For instance, at first length of log, drawn between tracton were used to drag down the scrub. But logs wore out all the system was replaced by ships anchor chains, ead link at least a foot long. Chain of 200 to 300 yards well dragged between 140 h.p. tractors.

It was estimated that one chain could fell 100 acres at chain could fell 100 acres at

chain could fell 100 acros a hour and this considerably re duced the cost of the job. The levelling, to cover the seeds and fertilisers, was done with old railway lines welder together and pulled by the tractors.

Ploughing was done with large ploughs abreast.

By the end of the fourth season the pasture was mature and subdivision of the land began. Applicants drew for their blocks and, if unhappy about the result, were give another chance at the new ballot.

During preliminary development the men were paid wages by the A.M.P. Society

Page 8



LUCERNE CROP on land that once grew only scrub. "Blockee" Laurie Young rests against a bale in front of his attractive, spacious home. His elder sons, Gregory and Terry, are in the foreground, while his wife, Esther, brings out morning tea with the younger boys, Barry and Keith.

Before they went on to their blocks their land was subdivided and fenced into four or five paddocks and sufficient "Bill" Edgerley, manager

or five paddocks and sufficient fencing wire was given to enclose more paddocks.

The loan advanced by the A.M.P. Society covered, besides land and house, tractor, car, hore with windmill, septic tank, electric-lighting plant, garage, shed for storing equipment, shearing shed, other hores, etc.

ment, shearing shed, other bores, etc.
In addition to the blocks, the A.M.P. owns Brecon Station, on which they breed stock for the "blockees."
The manager at Sherwood, Mr. A. P. McNicol (Mac), was an Australian "Battle of Brisin" pilot.
When the scheme is wound up in large the sill wound up in large the sill wound up in large the scheme is

Briain pilot.

When the scheme is wound up in June he will move on to his own block on the Duke's Highway.

"Mac" and his attractive English wife have two blond sons, Mark and David.

Outstanding personalities who played a large part in the "blockee" scheme were: the "blockee" scheme were:

Scientist David Riceman, of
the Biochemistry and General
Nutrition Division of the
C.S.I.R.O., S.A., who discovered why these vast tracts
of land in an 18 to 21-inch
annual rainfall area would
grow nothing because the
soil lacked trace elements of
zinc sulphate and copper.

Hugh Morrison, formerly

• "Bill" Edgerley, manager of the scheme, whose energy and personality have carried it through.

Already the scheme has added 160,000 sheep and many thousands of cattle to the national wealth. On the human side it has more than doubled the Keith school population and caused extensions to the Keith Hospital to cope with additional maternity and family cases.

Once they have surmounted

Once they have surmounted their mortgage hurdles, the "blockees" can look forward to rich rewards.

The "blockees" sometimes think wistfully of the early days. Centre of community life was the Brecon recreation huf. Here were held regular dances and other social events. Once, a mass christening of 14 babies took place.

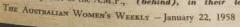
While I was there, the "blockees" gathered rather sadly for their last dance in the "rec" hut. Now that they are settled in their attractive homes the hut is no longer needed and will soon be pulled down.

grow nothing because the soil lacked trace elements of zine sulphate and copper.

Hugh Morrison, formerly a land inspector of the A.M.P.,

The Augustian area would fill the soil lacked trace elements of zine sulphate and copper.

First SIDE SCENE, Russell and Mary Lines, of Willa-looka, with their children, from left, David, baby Rosemary, Ellen, and Dennis (behind), in their lounge.







BACK TO SCHOOL IN SHOES SOLED FOR SAVING

DUNLOP WEAT

"DOUBLE THE WEAR FROM EVERY PAIR" that's a happy thought for Mothers ... think of the saving in shoe bills.

> But more important to you, Mother, is the fact that children are given the comfort of healthy flexible soling material that actually helps active growing feet. Why? Because Wearite is light and flexible, needs no breaking in . . . no discomfort with new shoes . . . Wearite actually "walks with the feet". Dunlop Wearite is waterproof and non slip too! Healthy feet mean happy children, so send your children back to school in shoes soled with Dunlop Wearite.



More than double the wear from every pair!

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seems to

WOMEN are funny about clothes. As if one needed to say so. But that old controversy about whether they dress for each other or for men has been revived by the current sack

I have always held that women dressed to please men, arguing that a bunch of dames on a desert island dames on a desert island would run around looking as if cats had brought them in. And when anyone let me get a further word in edgewise I asserted that one compliment from a man about a hat was worth six from females.

The girls aren't always to be trusted. They say what in the circumstances they would wish to hear themselves.)

But now with the advent of the sack, chemise, or old bag, I have my doubts.

As soon as anyone appears in an office

attired in this new line the girls go into a twitter of appreciation. The men exchange significant glances, and say nothing.

Husbands have been saying plenty. "Not

with me you won't go out in one of those" is a line freely taken.

Yet there isn't a doubt that autumn will see sacks flapping all over the place. So perhaps women don't dress primarily for men.

ND that reminds me: I heard some A women being highly indignant the other day over a report that Prince Philip had improved the Queen's dressing since her marriage.

"Of course her dressing changed in ten years," said one woman. "Whose dressing didn't? Current fashions always seem better than those of ten years ago.
"Besides, every. girl's dressing improves between 20 and 30. It has to, to offset the march of time."

IF an outside student wished to analyse essential differences between the American and English character he couldn't do better than study the advertising in the magazines of the respective countries.

The British sales talk is always pitched on a lower key. It whispers rather than shouts. One sample of English advertising attracted me in a recent weekly. It was designed to sell a lightweight dinner-jacket, and read, in seri a figureeight uniner-jacket, and read, in part: "For how can you look casually romantic and enjoy your vol-au-vent if you're secretly sweltering . . . In this suit you can breathe, dance, murmur witticisms . . ."

Besides the typical high-life tone of the ad-, it carried an interesting message for girls.

Young girls think that they are the only ones in a frenzy about their appearance and conversation at dances.

here is evidence that the shy young man treading on their toes is trying madly to be casually romantic.

While his partner has been experimenting with eye-shadow, he has been rehearsing witticisms in his new lightweight dinner-suit.

The lesson for a debutante is worth heeding.

Don't try to impress. Just look impressed.

WHEN the Brit Macmillan, left for Commonwealth tour plane landed at Cypnis refuelling.

Announcing this plan report stated that Mr. millan would be the British Prime Minister to Cyprus for 15 years.

Visit" Cyprus, ind Landing at an airfield for fuelling is in no sense as to the locality.

Not long ago I was in aircraft which, because 3 cot was closed, was diverted from Sid to Dubbo. Headed away in this invenient direction, I tried a cheer-up like reflecting that I had never been in Dub

and here was an opportunity to see it.

Any plane passenger of any experies should know better. We spent all night on airfield, but I have still never been to but.

One drome is much like another, We mas easily have been at Canberra, Clones.

or Kalamazoo.

In some countries the people running to in the dark and calling out things to each would speak a different language, thus his ing one's speculations on the future.

Nevertheless, so unreliable are the var reports from passengers (there one who plunges off mysteriously with what he claims is the la always one returns with what he claims is the news) that it doesn't much matter language is spoken.

The only benefit to be gained from do sionary or refuelling stops is in the way solemn thought—resolutions never to trawithout a coat and a book, and the reflects What do they know of countries who airfields know?

SCIENTIST claims that eventual A people will be able to communic with each other's minds instead of voice

More than anything else, this may spell end of civilisation. At its most truly civili the art of speech has one of its main uses disguising the activities of the mind.

DURING the holiday season footma of a large saltwater crocodile w seen behind the bowling green at Im fail, North Queensland.

"There are fairies at the bottom of

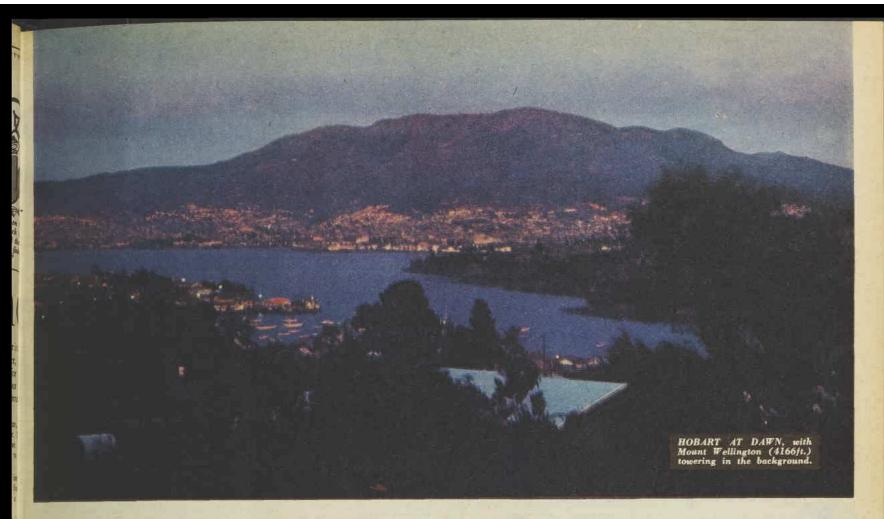
Was a bygone versifier's pretty theme; A thought that used to pass as charm whimsy

But nowadays may raise a tortured screa

Up north they go for whimsies tall stronger

(The truth is always strangest, as) know).

There are crokkies at the bottom of th gardens And they are up all the fairies long a





THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

The tourist season is at its height in Tasmania. Last year 138,000 people visited the "Apple Isle," 200 miles from the mainland by sea, but only 70 minutes by air. This island, roughly the size of Scotland, offers a variety of scenery unequalled in Australia. Within its relatively small area are rugged mountains and trout-filled lakes and rivers;



there are valleys of rich orchards and hop gardens, and fertile farmlands where drought is almost unknown. Hobart (pop. 100,000) is on a fine natural harbor. From February to May, the port is doubly busy as overseas liners and refrigerated cargo ships load Tasmania's famous apples and pears. The pictures by D. H. Stephens, Hobart.

The Australian Women's Weekly - January 22, 1958

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IB CASE OF TH



BING CROSBY. above, with toupee. Right, without toupee.



CHARLES BOYER with

 Vanity is a great thing on TV, and a lot of it is necessary for really successful appearances.

BELIEVE and winning or dynamic BELIEVE the most -the sort that personality can stand alone, launch a thousand ships, or set the Thames on fire - is improved by attention to make-up.

America's National Broadcasting Corporation TV make-up chief, who is a Mr. Dick Smith, and someone whom I think can reasonably be quoted as an authority, says people who appear on TV should start off their make-up by taking a good look at them-

Their next step, he says, is to try their hardest, with the aid of make-up, to fit into the classic proportions of beauty which come in three equal sections: hairline to browline, browline to the base of the nose, base of the nose to the tip of the chin.

Any men reading this probably regard it as so much bilge, but it is to the men I'm referring, particularly those bald or balding men who, disregarding their shiny heads, appear with complete assurance on

I don't suggest for a mo-ment that a baid head is some-thing that should keep anyone at home, but I think some-thing should be done about it before it highlights its owner's TV appearance. Setting a wonderful example

THANNEL 9, TCN has Va winner in "Art and the Kids," the famous American TV show in which Art Linkletter interviews a bunch of unrehearsed kids aged from two to ten.

The show began recently and may be seen every Mon-day night from now on at 7.00 for 15 minutes. The show's brevity is just one of the skilful things about

you want to see more of it.
r. Linkletter himself, though, is Mr. Skilful when it comes to kids. He can make

them talk.

Mr. Linkletter, who is 45, is an only child, but he has five of his own who inspired him to start this delightful

show.
Although he says his stars two to 10, are aged from two to 10, he rarely seems to question

he rarely seems to question children over six, which is surely the answer to people who say his show is rehearsed. Anyone who's had any con-tact with children up to this stage will tell you it is im-possible to rehearse children in answers to unexpected ques-tions.

to all these men are two out-

to all these men are two outstanding personality men, Mr. Bob Dyer and Mr. Jack Davey.
Mr. Dyer, as well as reducing his size by three stone for TV, also invested in a toupee, and Mr. Jack Davey uses a royal-blue rinse that makes him look to have more hair than he's got. hair than he's got. Make-up studios at all TV

channels seem to be astonish-ingly well equipped with most aids to a better appearance.

TELEVISION PARADE by NAN MUSGROVE

Why not a discreet selection of gentlemen's toupees for staff men, visiting celebrities and panel members?

They'd certainly improve

the picture. To answer To answer in advance people who believe in realism in all things: I'm sure they wouldn't appear on TV without their false teeth.

The Humpty Dumpty look is one I don't notice in everyday life, but I do notice it on TV, where the distance between the browline and the hairline seems to be magnified. I think popularity ratings would go up if artistic toupees were used to bring some of these fascinating char-

acter's faces into something approaching those three equa sections of the classic proportions of beauty.

A BOUQUET to Charle Cousens, News Reader for Channel 7, ATN to adapting his radio-reading technique to TV.

Mr. Cousens certainly still does parade a dash of han here and there, but nothing like as much as he did at first His whole presentation had improved since he became more used to the cameras.

It is most noticeable whe

he gives the weather for casts. On TV they're me casts. On 1V they re me elaborate with different may showing the day's weath with high and low pressus systems, winds and oth data, and another set of may showing the weather set of the next 24 hours and the forecast. forecast.

At first, Mr. Cousens obviously a bit thrown by maps, but the other nig after the official weather b letin, he confidently tried h hand at a bit of forecasting

His forecasting was tent tive, but interesting, and the next night he handsome acknowledged the accuracy the Weather Bureau. And he discreet about his weather interest; he's only ever fore



ART LINKLETTER with one of the kids whom he intertie in his session. The show may be seen every Monday nig from Channel 9, TCN at 7.00 o'clock.

One shy little girl of just over six slayed Art one day. He asked her had she ever been in love.

"No," she said, "but I've been in like."

The charm of the show, of course, comes mainly from the kids' complete disregard of the camera. They don't seem to know it's there. And, really, their innocent answers to questions often surpass the effect professionals strive for.

One little kid, the youngest of a big family, didn't know why he brought the house why he brought the h down at one of the shows.

Linkletter asked him wha was the chief problem in big family.

"It's the fight to see who gets first in line for the bath The last one has cold water."

Art asked him did he prefe

hot-water baths.
"I don't know," he said
"I've never had any."

The show ends with Ar allotting a task to one of the kids on the panel. In the fin show a six-year-old calle Shalimar had to bath a six-year-old shalimar had to bath a Bernard pup nearly as big herself.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1950

Available at all Leading City, Suburban and Country Stores

Brother, sister tipped t rewrite record books

By DAWN JAMES, staff reporter

llsa Konrads is 13 years old. Her brother, John, is 15. And they have been labelled by experts as potentially the greatest swimmers in Australian history.

family name known in swimming circles. He was the "brilliant schoolboy champion."

At that time a newspaper reporter who interviewed John also met his 11-year-old sis-ter, and described her as "a

ter, and described her as "a pretty fair swimmer."

Last week Hsa became the second Konrads to hit the sporting headlines.

She is the second woman in the world to break 5 minutes for the 440yds in a long-

Ourse pool. Ilsa clocked 4min. 59.2sec.,

were lyrical.

"Fantastic," they said. "A great feat." "She'll rewrite the record book."

The next night they had to think of new words. Ilsa's time for the 440 was 4.58.8, when she came second to Lorraine Crapp in the final of the N.S.W. title.

She is the only woman in the world to break 5 minutes on successive nights.

And 48 hours later Ilsa was again on the front pages, when she smashed Lorraine Crapp's 880yds, and 800metre times.

Her new record stands at

A BOUT two years ago and sports writers and officials 10min. 17.7sec. Says her coach jubilantly, "She'll break 10" "Fantarite" they said "A jubilantly, "She'll break 10 minutes for the distance in a year or two."

Ask Ilsa how she feels about her success and she looks nonplussed.

Her mother, Mrs. John Konrads, prompts gently, "Very happy." Ilsa nods.

The Konrads brother and sister are nice kids. They're level-headed, unspoilt — and very serious about swimming.

Every morning they are out of bed by 5.30, "or earlier," says their mother. By 6 a.m. says their monter. by 6 a.m. they're training at Bankstown Olympic Pool, about 10 minutes' cycle-ride from their home at Greenacres.

Ilsa and John train till about 8 or 9 a.m. Then it's home for breakfast and a rest before lunch.

eat sensibly. "No foods," said John They starchy earnestly. "Steaks, vegetables, plenty of proteins."

By 4 p.m. Ilsa and John are back at the pool for more from 24-year-old coaching Don Talbot.

"He saw us swimming at school and asked if we'd like to be coached," said Ilsa. At the time she could just about manage one lap of the pool

About 6 p.m., perhaps later, the Konrads leave the pool for home, dinner, and a good night's sleep. "Home" is a comfortable

It is impossible to visit the Konrads' home and not realise that someone there is a champion at something.

There are silver cups on the mantelpiece, plaques on the wall, and medals and more wall, and medals and more cups on display in a glassfronted case.

and I have about 20 cups and

20 medals between us."

Solidly built and snub-nosed, Ilsa is something of a

"Only lately she has become interested in clothes," says Mrs. Konrads. "She didn't want to wear dresses when she was a small one. And now, only when she goes out; always shorts and slacks at home."

Besides collecting swimming records, Ilsa collects stamps. She likes hockey, doesn't like

sewing ("I only do what we have to do at school"), and wants to be a schoolteacher. "All subjects," she says.

THE KONRADS FAMILY. Mr. and Mrs. John Konrads (seated) with their son, John, and younger daughter, lise—both brilliant swimmers who, experts claim, will "rewrite the record books."

> John wants to go to uni-versity in America. "California, if possible, because of the climate. I'd like to do architecture or engineering."
>
> John learned to swim in

> 1951, two years after his family arrived in Australia from Germany.

"I learned at a migrants' camp out West-just jumped in and fooled round. I began serious training about four years ago.

when I broke Murray Rose's record in the under 14 440yds."

Now he holds the Austra-lian, N.S.W., and Queensland junior 440yds. titles, "and a couple more this year, I hope." With the Konrads' brilliance

giving the future of Australian swimming another boost, it's a good thing Australia was the only country that would take

They left their home in Latvia 13 years ago, when Ilsa was three months old, John

"We spent five years in dis-placed persons' camps in Germany," said Mrs. Konrads "We didn't think there was a future for us, and we wanted to get away from the trouble

"Australia was the only place which would take a family We put our papers in in 1948, and arrived in Sydney on July 9, 1949.
"I remember I didn't think the ship, chiange and are the didn't think the ship, chiange and the ship."

the ship's chimney would go under the bridge—but it did.
"We were through all the formalities by 11.30 that night and we went on to Bathurst migrant camp by

"I remember the first meal we had: lamb chops for breakfast. It was a real treat, wonderful,

"Now here." we are very happy



CHAMPIONS Ilsa Konrads (left) and Olympian Lorraine Grapp at the North Sydney Olympic Pool after the final of the N.S.W. 440yds. freestyle event. Lorraine won, Ilsa was second; both girls broke the 5-minute "barrier."

AUSTRALIA'S

JOHNNY, at 21, leads

Jays, whose latest record album is among current

With visiting American rock-n-rollers he will appear at the Sydney Stadium on

at the Sydney Stadium on January 30, 31, and February 1. Later, they will have fans screaming in Melbourne and

"There isn't anything wrong with rock-'n-roll," says ohnny carnestly. "Most of

in a Sydney suburb. Six hun-dred teenagers pack the hall,

but they never get out of

young people.

Australian top sellers.

his own band, the Dec

house where Ilsa and John live with their parents, grand-mother, and sister, Eve. Eve is 17. "She swims, but not in competition," said her

mother.

John says, "I suppose Ilsa





On rare occasions when he has time to relax he listens "I really love it," he says, "and luckily Marianne does, too." (Marianne Renate is his trip overseas later this

year for Johnny and the Dee Jays could be a honeymoon trip as well.

Johnny passed on this piece

of U.S. rock calculated to stun of U.S. rock calculated to stin teenage relatives and friends: "Too right Ah do John, well right all I do." Which means, "I certainly

Johnny carnestly. "Most of the people who condemn it haven't even seen it. "It's a healthy exercise for From 9 a.m to 5.30 p.m., Johnny is a salesman in his father's city store. Comes eight o'clock, and the new Johnny takes the stage with Once a week we play at a Police Citizens Boys' Club the Dee Jays, wearing one of his almost audible suits. pretty fiancee). His specially grown curly side-levers, carefully brushed back by day, are patted into place for the fans' delight. Then the rhythm takes over Johnny believes rock-'n-roll a healthy psychological "People forget their inhibi-tions in all the noise," he says. Making a noise has proved very profitable for this young bundle of energy from the

Sydney suburb of Dover Heights. He is anything but the popular idea of a "crazy, mixed-up kid."

Two years studying eco-nomics at Sydney University were intended as a back-

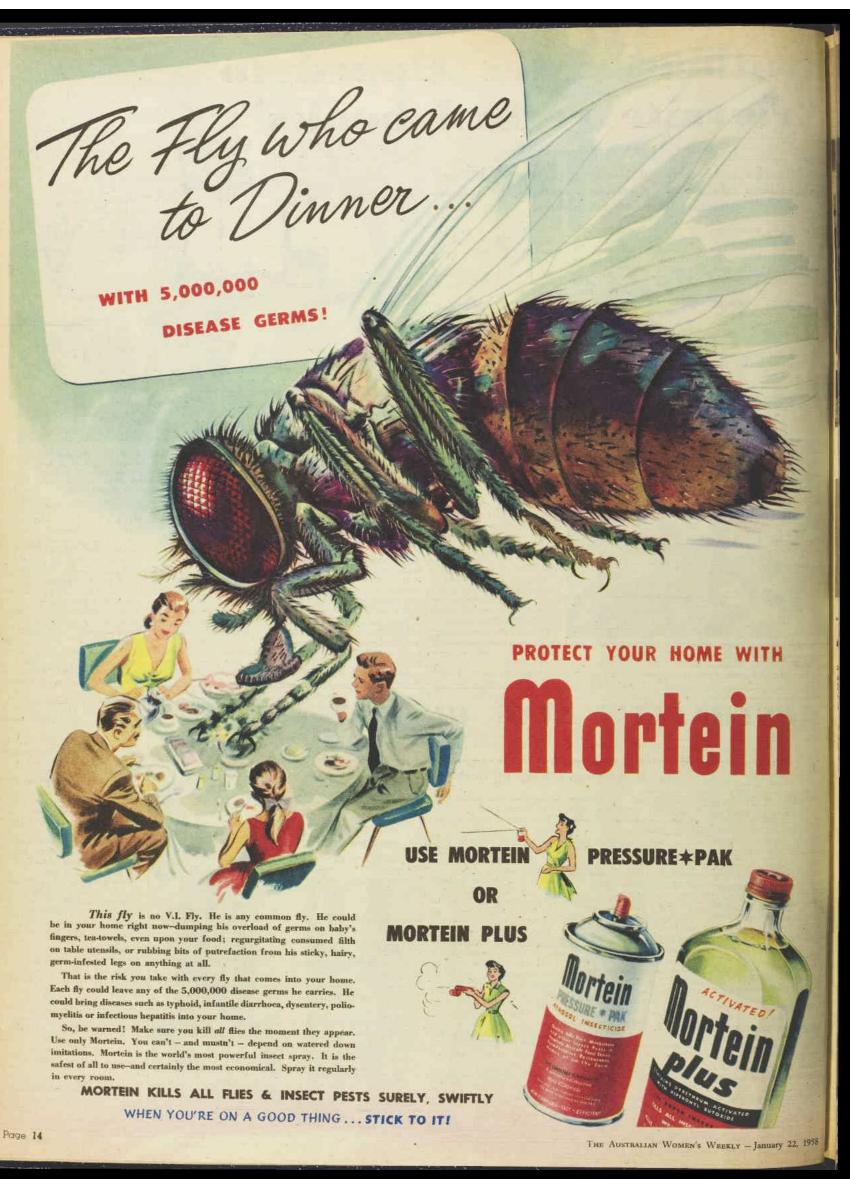
ground for Johnny's career in the family business.

He topped Australia's Amateur Hour with his imperson-ation of Johnnie Ray, Now he combines business and music.

Not surprisingly, stu-proved too quiet for him.

and Johnny starts to bounce.
"I can't sing," he admits,
"but I sure can make a lot He sheds 2lb. at every per-

formance, but compensation THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958



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ABOVE: Bridesmaids Judy Rankin and Mrs. Don Cameron (right) adjust Frances Simson's veil as she arrives at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, with her father, Mr. Colin Simson. Frances is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Simson, of "Howes Hill," Spring Ridge, and she married Englishman Peter Brown, whom she met while on a holiday trip overseas. AT RIGHT: The newlyweds leave the church for the reception.



"A NCHORS AWEIGH" is the cry just now for lots of Sydney girls who are farewelling all their friends before setting off overseas.

Annette Macarthur Ons-low, of Camden, leaves on board Skaubryn on January 21 for London, where she hopes to gain more experience as a puppeteer.

Puppeteer.

Also on board will be Rowan
Middleton and Virginia
Faviell (on her second trip
overseas), Ann Bond, Judy
Smithers, and Gail Johnson,
all planning a working holiday
in England and Europe.

And a more evenir destina-

And a more exotic destina-tion, India, for Maxine Cal-lacher, who leaves on January 24 for three months' holiday.

Ski-ing and sightseeing are ahead for Beth Dawson and Shirley Winn, who sail in Southern Gross on January 20 "Woodlands," Raymond Terwith Shirley's mother, Mrs. M. Winn.

SPARKLING diamond ring is worn by Pauline Elkin, daughter of the Ray Elkins, of "Woodlands," Raymond Terrace. The ring is the gift of her fiance, Jim Meredith, of "Woodlands, Raymond Terrace, The ring is the gift of her fiance, Jim Meredith, of "Kinross," Raymond Terrace, the third son of Mrs. J. B. Meredith and the late Brigadier-General Dr. J. B. Meredith, D.S.O. dith, D.S.O.

> NEWLYWEDS Gabriel and Robert Noyes, who were married at St. Canice's, Elizamarried at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, will be moving round the world during the next four years. First they will live in Brisbanc, then Surfers' Paradise, India, and finally the United States. Gabriel is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Fox, of Epping.

COUNTRY INTEREST. John Miller and Robin Rose, of Bongalong," Muttama, have announced their engagement. John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Miller, of Coota-mundra, and Robin is the daughter of the Fred Roses.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958



Already discussing form for the meetings, which get off to a flying start in mid-February with Crookwell on February 13, Tomingley on the 15th, Boorowa the 20th, Goulburn the 27th, and Monaro on the 20th. the 28th.

AFTER a month's holiday at Vaucluse with her parents, the George Marslands, Mrs. Tony Chisholm and her twoyear-old son, Roy, are return-ing home this week to the Northern Territory. They will be settling in at Tony's new property, "Anningie," Alice Springs.

SPECIAL treat for six-year-old Penelope Holmes a'Court and her cousin, Marion Ravenscroft, was Marion Ravenscroft, was lunch at Princes with their mothers, Mrs. Peter Holmes a'Court and Mrs. Selwyn Ravenscroft, before taking in a matinee performance of "The Willow Pattern Plate" at the Phillip Street Theatre.

LOVELY wedding gown of white chiffon was worn by Sandra Trotter, of Lockhart, when she married Kerry FitzHOSTESSES (from left) Wendy Croft, Patricia Har-vey, and Faye Seabrook with two of their guests, Maurice Harvey and John Houston, at the informal party the girls gave at the "Negresco."

gerald before nuptial High Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral, Wagga.

ATTRACTIVE air hostess Enid Hope-Johnstone, of King's Park, Adelaide, S.A., is planning a September wedding to her fiance, David Bates, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Bates, of Rose Bay.

THE girl with the smoothest suntan at Graham and Pam Nock's dinner-party was Bain Bennett's blond wife, Judy—she collected it while on honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise Paradise,

comes news of former Sydney girl Pam McKell, who is now married to Brian Hunter, of Unley Park—they are the proud parents of a three-weeks-old daughter to be christened Fe-licity Ann Me



INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Joan Allen, daughter of Mrs. R. Allen, of Double Bay, and the late Mr. H. R. Allen, with her fiance, Bill Day, son of the N. L. Days.



NEWLYWEDS Wallace McGrigor and his bride leave St. James' Church, Burwood. Mrs. McGrigor was formerly Barbara Wright, daughter of the Ben Wrights, of Narra-been, and Wallace is son of Mr, and Mrs. Stan McGrigor.

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Featuring 1/2.8 coated lens, 10-speed Synchro-Compur shutter, built-in self timer. Kodak quality finish. Complete with always-ready loather case. Price: £38/10/-.



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For projectors or slide viewers, 35mm, fullcolour transparencies are available in over 400 world-wide subjects. Price: 4/6 each.



Just released — full stocks of BROWNIE FLASH CAMERAS for regular black-and-white anapshotal

Summer-time is colour picture time. So many scenes and situations are just "begging" to be captured with your miniature or movie camera. No matter what the subject, it's always better, more exciting in colour. Capture it the easy Kodak way in true-to-life colour . . . Kodachrome Colour Film for movies and transparencies or the new album-size Kodak Colour Prints.

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Page 16



Bright projection of your colour slides right up to 72 inches wide! 5-inch Kodak lens, aspheric condenser, scientific convection cooling 250-watt lamp. Budget priced: £24.





AT A CARDEN PARTY at Government House, Melbourne, Mrs. Olive Hamilton "shoots" Lady Brooks (left), wife of Victorian Governor, Sir Dallas Brooks, talking to a guest.

Farmer's wife to film Jueen

A dairy farmer's wife with a movie camera, Mrs. Olive Hamilton, of Emerald, Victoria, will follow the Queen Mother wherever she goes in the State, recording her visit in color.

RS. HAMILTON, who started taking movies only three years ago as a hobby, is not making the film for profit.

She has raised £21,319 for charity by showing her pro-lessional-standard films of the Royal visit of the Queen and Prince Philip and of the Olympic Games to audiences all over Virgeria. over Victoria.

The film of the Queen Mother's visit will also help raise money for charity.

Mrs. Hamilton's hobby be-

gan by accident.
"My husband and I were siy husband and I were planning a holiday in Queens-and, and I went to pay the deposit on our trip," she said. "On the way I saw a movie camera in a shop window, and I got a sudden idea." got a sudden idea.

Why not buy a movie

Why not buy a movie camera—and have a cheaper holiday at a place like Buffalo? "When I told my husband how I had spent the deposit, be hit the ceiling and didn't come down for about three weeks!"

Autumn-tinted leaves around Emerald Lake inspired Mrs. Hamilton's first effort with the

She ran off 200 feet of color film without knowing anything about the technical difficulties

Surprisingly, the result was to good that she tried her hand at filming the Coronation

so good that she tried her hand at filming the Coronation decorations in Melbourne.

"The flowers and motifs on the Civil Ambulance depot in Lonsdale Street featured so largely that the Victorian Civil Ambulance Service requested a special showing of the film at the Police Auditorium in Russell Street," she said.

Her next job was making an 18-minute film of mounted policemen.

That was the beginning of

MRS. OLIVE HAMILTON

to spend on our work; the dry season gives us more for it."

During the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, Mrs. Hamilton and her two

movie cameras must have become a familiar sight to the Queen, as she was often only about six feet away.

"Lady Pamela Mountbatten, ne of the Queen's ladies-in-

waiting, was very charming and helpful," Mrs. Hamilton

said. "One incident I remem ber happened during the

"The Queen had gone down a lane to look at some vines,

while I had just accepted an enormous bunch of grapes to

quench my thirst.
"The Queen came back

sooner than I anticipated, and suddenly I heard Lady Pamela's voice warning: 'Her Majesty is just behind you.'

"I jumped back on to a soft mound of earth and sank

ankle-deep in my white shoes. "The Queen, always so

quick to notice anything, gave ne a broad smile, sharing the

Mrs. Hamilton is the only

voman to hold an honorary

woman to hold an honorary life membership of the Australian Amateur Cine Society which she was awarded after only two and a half years' membership.

"My husband and I try to reach a high standard in our film-making," she said. "A professional artist does the titles, I do all the editing, while my husband, who has a good speaking voice, writes

good speaking voice, writes and records the commentaries.

such a good speaking voice, because I don't like female

voices giving film commen-taries."

"I am lucky that he has

joke of my embarrassment.

in Mildura.

visit to a fruit block

my friendship with the police," Mrs. Hamilton said.
"They have always been very good in finding me a spot to stand among the crowd and assisting me in every way.

"During the Royal visit and "During the Royal visit and the Olympic Games I couldn't get into the official positions. But my 2½-hour film of the Royal visit — called "Vivat Regina"—has been shown 186 times, and raised £7560 for charity."

Her "From Olympia to Melbourne" has been shown 240 times has raised £12.259

Metbourne has been shown 240 times, has raised £12,259 for charity, and has been seen by 74,080 people.

Mrs. Hamilton and her husband are still showing it nearly every night of the week.

"To make sure that a screen-ing goes off without a hitch, I have to spend a lot of time



THE QUEEN MOTHER, who will visit Australia from Feb-ruary 14 to March 7. She will be in Melbourne from Feb-ruary 28 to March 4.

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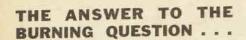
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Page 18

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

LIKE countless other mothers, I had always condemned kindergartens believing that the place of the pre-school child was at home. My husband made me reluctantly agree to send our three-and-a-half-year-old to the kindergarten on condition that if she showed any signs of distress she was to be kept at home. Those signs never came. What mother has time to devote every minute of her day to her child? Kindergarten teachers do just that. There are no scoldings from a flurried mother during the day, and there is a great reunion on the return home. Now my daughter is happy at school, and the middle member of the family is at kindergarten at her own request. At home they received love and attention, but never could I find the time to meet their exacting requirements. My hat's off to kindergartens and the teachers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Helen C. Cramer, 30 Malvern Rd. I IKE countless other mothers, I had always con-

£1/1/- to Mrs. Helen C. Cramer, 30 Malvern Rd., Miranda, N.S.W.

NOT being in sympathy with the callous attitude of some 20th-century businessmen, I feel I must voice a heartfelt protest against what seems to be the final insult. 1 refer to sky-writing. No sooner do we see a clear, blue sky than someone is prompted to smear its beauty with advertisements. Let us, I plead, at least be able to enjoy the best of nature's gifts unhampered by the "progress" of science.

10/6 to W. Pettifer, 137 Toorak Rd., South Yarra, Vic.

was heartening to read recently that the Darwin people who advocated a color bar at the proposed new swimming-pool have received a rebuff. Intolerance of our aborigines does not belong to the Australian way of life. There are black as well at white Christians in our country, and we would all do well to bear that fact in mind.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Farrall, 24 Balmoral Ave., Bentleigh, Vic.

WHY do so many business girls make so little or really no distinction between recreation and business dress? These days it is not uncommon to see young girls going off to work in strap-over-shoulder, scoop-necklined, and too-short-skirted frocks much more suitable for recreation. I realise times have changed, but wouldn't it be nicer to have a more sub-I realise times dued form of dress for business?

10/6 to Mrs. A. Silvester, c/o Mrs. J. D. Lawson, 8 Quinn St., Toowong, Qld.

MOST housewives these days have some interest besides the most inportant one—home-making. My hobby is free-lance writing, but what criticism I receive! My critics seem to have the idea that anyone with writing ambitions drops everything to express his "inspiration," heedless of the family's sufferings. Actually I rise at 5 a.m. each day so that I can fit in two hours' work on my typewriter later in the morning. 10/6 to "Had-It" (name supplied), Corowa, N.S.W.

letter of the week as well as lished on this page. letters work as well as lished on this page. Letters work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

RECENTLY read of a matron of an English nursing home RECENTLY read of a matron of an English hursing home who always encourages mothers to go out with their husbands on the last two nights of their stay in hospital. She maintains that this helps the mother find her feet, besides giving both husband and wife a chance of an evening out with no baby-sitting worries—something that might not occur again for a very long time. As a trained nurse and a mother, I think this would be a wonderful idea to adopt in some of our

own maternity hospitals. 10/6 to Mrs. R. J. Warneke, Box 81, Penola, S.A.

Telephone rentals

MRS. REGELSEN (25/12/'57) suggested paying telephone accounts by instalments. I think my idea is better, and saves making more work for the postal department. I put £1 in a jar each pay-day, and find when the rental comes round every six months that it is very near the amount die. Also, anyone using the phone pays sixpence, and this too goes in the jar. This way there is no worry when the bill

10/6 to Mrs. B. J. Bramble, 226 Main Rd., Cardiff, N.S.W.

Family affairs

FRIENDS of mine had a dentist problem. Their children had naturally chalky teeth, and despite every attention frequent trips to the dentist were necessary. Thinking of the years of coaxing and threatening which promised to lie ahead, these friends coacocted a plan with which the dentist readily cooperated. Now, before each visit, three parcels are smuggled in to the receptionists, and after each child has been treated, he or she is presented by the dentist with a small gift. These three children look upon their dentist as the next best person to Santa Claus, and their treatment is just a slight inconvenience which they put up with quite cheerfully. The gifts are worth only a few pence each, but the relief to the parents is invaluable.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Ferguson, Beatty Street, South-port, Qld.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problems.

Ross Campbell writes...

MAN is very liable to make. A a mistake when he buys a present for a woman.

I was reminded of this lately when I was talking to Mrs. Mulcher. She is a stout lady in her fifties, and a keen gardener.

"I need a new watering-can, with this dry weather," she said. "I wish I'd got one for my birthday instead of all that perfume."

"Who gave you perfume?" I

"My husband and the boys. They always do. I've got bottles of My Sin and Shocking and Forbidden Fruit and Indiscreet. I don't know who they think I am. Marilyn Monroe, I suppose.'

"Do you use the perfumes much?"
"Of course not! I'd be the laughing-stock of the bowling club."

I went away thinking about these unwanted gilts.

Here was Mrs. Mulcher angry because she got perfume when she

wanted a watering-can.

Probably there was a disappointed young wife nearby who got a water-ing-can when she wanted perfume.

A man can always tell when he

LOVING AND GIVING

has made one of the mistakes by the sickly smile.

The beloved one gives a sickly

smile if a gift is not glamorous enough (like a saucepan), or too glamorous (like marcasite chandelier ear-rings)



I have had especially bad luck with souvenirs brought from foreign

I'll never forget my wife's sickly smile when I gave her a necklace of limpet shells I got in New Guinea.

"It's simply lovely," she said, as if she were drinking castor oil.

My sister was the same about the cushion with a picture of a camel

on it that I brought from Port Said.

Perfumes, of course, raise special difficulties.

Some of these modern perfumes are so strong that it is dangerous for youngsters to fool round with them. Older women, like Mrs. Mulcher, find them a nuisance.

It would help if the makers said what age-group a perfume is suit-

This is done already with children's books. They are marked "8 to 10 years," "12 to 14 years," and so

Perfumes could carry labels like Morning Glory (16 to 20 years). Arabian Nights (27 to 35), or Gardening (50 to 60).

As it is, cautious men often prefer play safe by giving cau-de-

It is harmless stuff, and is gener-

The song The Gurl That I Marry, you remember, says "she'll be something and something and smell of Cologne."

I'm an eau-de-Cologne man my-

Better to be sure of a mild success that way than risk a sickly smile by giving Persian Desire.



"I didn't hide them," Jim said, doing his best to conceal the smile that pushed at his mouth. "I left them with my shoes when I took my shoes off,"
"And I put your shoes in the rack, where they believe the statement of the stat

they belong."

they betong."

Jim frowned menacingly. "Then you hid the socks under the bed!" He lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "We'd better not tell my wife. She's a perfectionis."

"Don't be silly, Jim," Judy demanded.
"I'm serious, If you don't want a neat
home..." But she didn't finish. Jim took her in his arms and held her so tight

took her in his arms and held her so tight she couldn't finish.

And when he stopped her feeble struggling he said, "I'm sorry, darling, I forgot again. I was an untidy bachelor for a long time, and I've been a husband for only four months. But I'll learn." Then he laughed. "I don't drop ashes on the carpet any more, did you notice?" And she laughed, too, because she had noticed and because she loved his laughter.

Then he was looking at her solemnly.

Then he was looking at her solemnly.

"I'm a nagger," she said. "Aren't I?"

"No, you're not," he said. "You're a marvellous female. How did a marvellous female like you ever fall for a fool like me?"

"I've got very good taste," she told him. And she kissed him ...

The next morning she awoke to Jim's terrible tenor rising above the shower splash. "Get up, Mrs. James Morgan," she told herzelf, "you have work to do." But she didn't get up. She stretched and rolled over, listening to Jim's jubilant finale.

When he came out of the ball-room Jime.

When he came out of the bathroom Jim threw himself on the bed and buried his THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958

Happiness bubbled up inside her. "Deli-cious, maybe," Judy laughed, "but not a very good one if I don't get out of bed this minute. I have a lot to do. I'm having lunch with Joy Davis today. And right now I've got to make your breakfast."

"Breakfast can wait," Jim mumbled. "Ro-

mance can't. I'm being romantic."
"And I'm being practical," Judy said.
She pushed him away and sat up. Then she took his head in both hands and kissed "There. That will have to hold you. And she slipped under his arm and ran to the bathroom. But she stopped short in

the doorway.
"Oh, no!" she moaned. A large bath-towel was draped over the shower-curtain rod, the soap floated in a mass of suds in the soap dish, the tube of toothpaste lay un-capped on the basin's edge, and the bath mat lay in a peaked swirl on the floor. She turned, her face stiff with impatience.

"Just look at this mess. Really, Jim, I can't imagine how you were brought up!

He propped himself up on his elbow. "I'm sorry," he said, "I was in a hurry to get back to you."

"That's no excuse, darling. Won't you ever learn?"

ever learn?"

Jim sat up slowly. There was no suppressed smile now. "Maybe not," he said quietly. "Maybe you are going to have to spend the rest of your life with a clot."

He got up and started to dress.

"But you don't have to be so careless,"

Judy insisted. "You could try—"

"But you don't have to be so careless,"
Judy insisted. "You could try—"
"I do try," he said. And his voice was as cold as a stranger's. His e/es were cold, too, when he turned to her. "I've been trying to be just what you want me to be since the day I married you, because I know certain things are important to you—and you are important to me. But I'm beginBreakfast was torture. They were polite, but they avoided each other's eyes. And when she did look directly at him there was nothing in his face, absolutely nothing, and there should have been, because it mat-

When he was leaving he stood behind her and kissed the back of her neck. "I'm sorry, darling," he said. And then he was

She met Joy Davis in an espresso in

She met Joy Davis in an espresso in the city.

"I'm bushed," Joy moaned as they sat down. "And you look like a beauty ad. How do you do it?"

"Easy living," Judy said with a cheeriness she didn't feel.

Joy sighed. "I wish some attractive man would marry me and set me up in a life of luxury. Frankly, this career girl is getting just a wee bit weary of playing nursemaid to a dyspeptic dynamo."

"Meaning our Mr. Charles Harrow?"

maid to a dyspeptic dynamo."

"Meaning our Mr. Charles Harrow?"
Judy asked.

"Meaning the same," Joy answered. Judy had had Joy's job before she married Jim."

"He was in one of his charm moods this morning," Joy said. "Do you remember his 'Every - time - I'm - away-for-a-day-or-two-nothing-is-ever-done-in-this-office' mood?"

Judy laughed. "Oh, stop it," she said. "You love the job and you know it."

"I like it, Judy," Joy corrected. "I don't love it. I'm saying my love for a husband—if I ever land one. For him I'll tote that barge and lift that bale—and enjoy every minute of it. But I get no change out of knocking myself out for conceited Charlie Harrow." She looked at Judy

To page 52

Jim tried not to grin as Judy grumbled at him for being untidy.





Kind to your clothes and skin. You can wear your best dress and never worry for a moment. Anything you wear is safe from stains and odor. New Arrid Super Spray is kind to your skin, too. It's easy to use — and delightfully perfumed. Only





4.50 FROM DDINGTON by Agatha Christie

LTHOUGH MRS. ELSPETH McGILLICUDDY, holidaying in Ceylon, identifies by photos the oman found in a barn at Rutherford Hall as the se she saw being strangled in a train, police are table to discover who she is. EMMA CRACKENone she saw being strangled in a train, police are unable to discover who she is. EMMA CRACKEN-THORPE, daughter of miserly LUTHER, of Rutherford Hall, is worried that the murdered woman may be MARTINE, the French girl her eldest brother, EDMUND, was supposed to have married in France just before he was killed in the war. She tells her suspicions to DETECTIVE DERMOT CRADDOCK, of Scotland Yard, explaining that just before Christmas she received a letter from Martine, saying she would come to England and discuss with Emma the future of hers and Edmund's son. But Emma says she never arrived. Under the terms of the Crackenthorpe will, when Luther dies, Edmund's son would share a fortune with his aunt Emma and his uncles HAROLD, ALFRED, CEDRIC, cousin, young ALEXANDER EASTLEY, son of Bryan, who married EDITH, now dead. Meanwhile amateur detective MISS JANE MARPLE visits the Hall with her supposed niece, LUCY EYELESBARROW who, at Miss Marple's direction, took a job at the Hall to investigate the murder. Dermot goes to Paris, where he interviews MADAME JOLIET, from whose ballet company ANNA STRAVINSKA disappeared while on tour in England at about the time the murder took place. Dermot's interviews with Harold and Alfred prove useless, although Alfred, a shifty character, is not able to establish an allioi for himself the day of the murder. NOW READ ON

IR, listen, do you know what?" Inspector Craddock looked at his excited sergeant.

'Yes, Wetherall, what is it?'

"I've placed him, sir. That Alfred Crackenthorpe. All the time I was trying to fix it and suddenly it came. trying to fix it and suddenly it came. He was mixed up in that tinned-food business with Dicky Rogers. Never got anything on him — too casy for that. And he's been in with one or more of the Soho lot. Watches and that Italian sovereign business."

Of course! Craddock realised now Alfred's face had seemed vaguely familiar from the first. It had all been small-time stuff — never anything that could be proved. Alfred had always been on the outskirts of the racket with a plausible innocent reason for having been mixed up in it at all. But the police had been quite sure that a small, steady profit came his way.

"That throws rather a light on things," Craddock said.

Think he did it?"

"Think he did it?"

"I shouldn't have said he was the type to do murder. But it explains other things — the reason why he couldn't come up with an alibi."

"Yes, that looks bad for him."

"Not really," said Craddock. "It's quite a clever line — just to say firmly you can't remember. Lots of people can't remember what they did and where they were even a week ago. It's where they were even a week ago. It's especially useful if you don't particuespecially useful if you don't particu-larly want to call attention to the way you spend your time — interesting ren-dezvous at lorry pull-ups with the Dicky Rogers crowd, for instance."

"So you think he's all right?"

"I'm not prepared to think anyone's all right just yet," said Inspector Craddock. "You've got to work on it, Wetherall."

Back at his desk, Craddock sat frowning and making little notes on the pad in front of him.

Murderer (he wrote) . . . A tall, dark

Victim? . . . Could have been Mar-tine, Edmund Crackenthorpe's girl-friend, or widow.

Could have been Anna Stravinska.

Went out of circulation at appropriate time, right age and appearance, cloth-ing, etc. No connection with Ruther-ford Hall as far as is known.

Could be Harold's first wife! Bigamy! Could be Harold's mistress. Black-

mail!

If connection with Alfred, might be blackmail. Had knowledge that could have sent him to gaol?

If Cedric — might have had connection with him abroad — Paris? Balearics?

Victim could be Anna S, posing as Martine Or

Victim is unknown woman killed by unknown murderer!

"And most probably the latter," said Craddock aloud.

He reflected gloomily on the situa-tion. You couldn't get far with a case until you had the motive. All the motives suggested so far seemed either inadequate or far-fetched.

Now if only it had been the murder

of old Mr. Crackenthorpe . . . of motive there

Something stirred in his memory . . . He made further notes on his pad. Ask Dr. Q. about Christmas illness. Cedric — alibi.

Cedric — alibi.
Consult Miss M. for latest gossip.
When Craddock got to 4 Madison
Road he found Lucy Eyelesbarrow with Miss Marple.

He hesitated for a moment on his plan of campaign and then decided that Lucy Eyelesbarrow might prove a valuable ally.

After greetings, he solemnly drew

After greetings, he solemnly drew out his notecase, extracted three pound notes, added three shillings, and pushed them across the table to Miss Marple. "What's this, Inspector?" "Consultation fee. You're a consul-tant — on murder! Pulse, temperature, local reactions, possible deep-seated cause of said murder. I'm just the poor harssed local G.P. harassed local G.P.

Miss Marple looked at him and twinkled. He grinned at her. Lucy Eyelesbarrow gave a faint gasp and then laus "Why, laughed.

"Why, Inspector Craddock — you're human after all."

"Oh, well, I'm not strictly on duty this afternoon."

"I told you we had met before," said Miss Marple to Lucy. "Sir Henry Clithering is his godfather — a very old friend of mine."

"Would you like to hear, Miss Eyelesbarrow, what my godfather said about her — the first time we met? He her — the first time we metr in described her as just the finest detective God ever made — natural genus cultivated in a suitable soil. He told me never to despise the" — Dermot Condidark passed for a moment to serve me never to despise the — Dermot Craddock paused for a moment to seek the right word — "— er — elderly ladies. He said they could usually tell you what might have happened, what ought to have happened, and even what actually did happen! And," he said, "they can tell you why it happened," he added, "that this particular — er—elderly lady — was at the top of the was at the top of the elderly lady -



A long and exciting instalment of our murder mystery by famous writer.

"Well!" said Lucy, "That seems to be a testimonial all right."

Miss Marple was pink and confused and looked unusually dithery.

"Dear Sir Henry," she murmured. "Always so kind. Really I'm not at all clever — just, perhaps, a slight knowledge of human nature — living, you know, in a village —"

She added with more composure:

"Of course, I am somewhat handicapped by not actually being on the spot. It is so helpful, I always feel, when people remind you of other people — because types are alike everywhere and that is such a valuable

Lucy looked a little puzzled, but Craddock nodded comprehendingly.

"But you've been to tea there, haven't

Yes, indeed. Most pleasant. I was a little disappointed that I didn't see old Mr. Crackenthorpe — but one can't have every-

"Do you feel that if you saw the person who had done the murder, you'd know?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, dear. One is "Oh, I wouldn't say that, dear. One is always inclined to guess — and guessing would be very wrong when it is a question of anything as serious as murder. All one can do is to observe the people concerned — or who might have been concerned — and see of whom they remind you."

"Like Cedric and the bank manager?"

Miss Marple corrected her.

"The bank manager's con dear. Mr.

"The bank manager's son, dear. Mr. Eade himself was far more like Mr. Harold — a very conservative man — but perhaps a little too fond of money — the sort of man, too, who would go a long way to avoid scandal."

Craddock smiled and said: "And Alfred?"

"And Alfred?"

"Jenkins at the garage," Miss Marple replied promptly. "He didn't exactly appropriate tools — but he used to exchange a broken jack for a good one. And I believe he wasn't very honest over batteries — though I don't understand these things very well. I know Raymond left off dealing with him and went to the garage on the Milchester road. As for Emma," continued Miss Marple thoughtfully, "she reminds me very much of As for Emma," continued Miss Marple thoughtfully, "she reminds me very much of Geraldine Webb — always very quiet, almost

dowdy - and bullied a good deal by her elderly mother.

"Quite a surprise to everybody when the mother died unexpectedly and Geraldine came into a nice sum of money and went

and had her hair cut and permed, and went off on a cruise, and came back married to a very nice barrister. They had two children."

The parallel was clear enough. Lucy said rather uneasily: "Do you think you ought to have said what you did about Emma marrying? It seemed to upset the brothers."
Miss Marple nodded.

"Yes," she said. "So like men — quite unable to see what's going on under their eyes. I don't believe you noticed yourself." "No," admitted Lucy. "I never thought of anything of that kind. They both seemed to

"So old?" said Miss Marple smiling a little. "But Dr. Quimper isn't much over forty, I should say, though he's going grey on the temples, and it's obvious that he's longing for some kind of home life; and Emma Crackenthorpe is under forty — not too old to marry and have a family. The doctor's wife died quite young having a baby, so I have heard."

"I believe she did. Emma said something about it one day.

"He must be lonely," said Miss Marple.
"A busy hardworking doctor needs a wife
someone sympathetic — not too young."

"Listen, darling," said Lucy. "Are we investigating crime or are we matchmaking?"
Miss Marple twinkled.
"I'm afraid I am rather romantic, Because

I am an old maid, perhaps. You know, dear Lucy, that, as far as I am concerned, you have fulfilled your contract. If you really want a holiday abroad before taking up your next engagement, you would have time still for a short trip."

"And leave Rutherford Hall? Never! I'm the complete sleuth by now. Almost as bad as the boys. They spend their entire time looking for clues. They looked all through the dustbins yesterday. Most unsavory and they hadn't really the faintest idea what they were-looking for. If they come to you in triumph, Inspector Craddock, bearing a torn scrap of paper with 'Martine — if you value your life keep away from the Long

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A romantic

short stor

By JOAN DENNIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERTS

HEN Dick Baines edged his way into Sandra's dressing-room after the show it was already full of smoke and people and the air was shrill th superlatives, "Darling, you were divine!"

"Too sweet!"
"Sandra, angel — what a performance!"

Dick looked round eagerly. When his eyes became accustomed to the haze and the glare from the naked light bulbs he caught a glimpse of Sandy's familiar mop of golden hair and elbowed his way towards her.

She was standing in the centre of an admiring crowd, still dressed in the lovely evening crowd, still dressed in the lovely even-ing gown she'd worn in the third act. Her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks were flushed beneath the heavy stage make-up. Dick noted the symptoms of over-excitement with a professional eye, even as his own heart began to beat faster. It always did when he

Sandra did not notice him till he was right in front of her.

"Oh, Dick, you made it — I'm so glad. You did see the show?"

Her clear, young voice was just a little ouder and higher-pitched than usual. He

smiled down at her.

"I'm afraid I missed the first act," he confessed, "but I managed the last two. I had a last-minute accident case brought in as I was leaving."

Sandra pouted and seemed about to pro-

test — but she thought better of it,
"Dick, you haven't met Mr. Peters, have
you?" She turned and went on breathlessly, Jefferson, I'd like you to meet my fiance, Dr. Baines.

Dr. Baines."

Jefferson Peters was beside her, playing his favorite role of the great actor-manager.

One plump hand adjusted the carnation in his buttonhole, the other rested in fatherly fashiom on Sandra's bare shoulder. He nodded at Dick with splendid condescension.

"Well, our little butterfly got a chance to spread her wings tonight," he boomed. "What did you think of her?"

The exaggrated praise of Sandra's back-

The exaggerated praise of Sandra's back-stage admirers and the affectation of Jeffer-son Peters himself made Dick speak more bluntly than he had intended. "She wasn't too bad," he said in a matter-

The older man raised an expressive eye The older man raised an expressive eye-brow and turned with a magnificent gesture of welcome to greet the cub reporter from the local newspaper as if he were an old and valued friend. At least, Dick noticed thank-fully, he had to remove his hand from Sandy's shoulder to do full justice to the gesture. But Sandra herself was glaring at Dick in

annoyance, I wasn't 'too bad,' wasn't I?" she

"So I wasn't 'too bad,' wasn't I?" she hissed. "Everyone else seems to think I was pretty wonderful."

"Oh, Sandy, darling," said Dick hastily, "you were quite good, really you were, considering you've had so little experience."

"Thank you, I'm sure," said Sandra, looking, if possible, more annoyed than ever, "and don't call me Sandy. How do you think that would look in lights? I am Sandra Dawes, an actress — and don't you forget it."

And with a gracious little nod of dismissal, Sandra Dawes the actress turned to the

And with a gracious little nod of dismissal, Sandra Dawes the actress turned to the startled young reporter with a smile so dazzling that he immediately began to visualise himself in Fleet Street.

Dick propped himself up against the wall of the dressing-room and regarded Sandy with mixed feelings. He loved her, of course there was nothing mixed about that feeling. He'd loved her in the days when they'd thrown blotting-paper notes to each other across the classroom. He'd loved her all through the hard years when he was a medical student and Sandy was at drama school and angling for her first small parts in repertory. And he loved her more than ever now that he was a fully fledged doctor with his first hospital job in a town nearby and a salary just large enough — with a little careful management — to support a wife.

Almost his whole life, Dick reflected as he leant pensively against the wall, was bound up with memories of Sandy. He'd watched her grow from a long, leggy schoolgirl with freckles on her little tilted nose into a be-witching young woman, tall and graceful— still with freckles on her little tilted nose.

And just as thoughts of Sandy filled his past, so they filled his future, too. All Dick's daydreams — and even a busy young doctor has a moment to daydream now and then included visions of Sandy, as warm-hearted, impulsive, and freckled as ever, running down a little garden path to greet him in the even-ings, cheerfully answering the telephone in the middle of the night, and cuddling a hand-some, laughing baby who bore a striking resemblance to Dick himself.

But now Sandy had changed, almost over-night, into Miss Sandra Dawes, her familiar freckles hidden by grease-paint, her infectious chuckle replaced by a brittle, affected little laugh as she discussed her career with the bemused young reporter and assured him that the play after its provincial try-out would almost certainly be moving on to the West End. It was becoming more difficult every minute, Dick decided miserably, to fit Miss Sandra Dawes into his daydreams of the

But it was not really self-pity that brought a frown to Dick's lean, attractive face. He was worried about Sandy herself. If she had real talent, then perhaps he couldn't expect her to give up her career to marry a struggling, small-town doctor.

But was she talented?

Dick had never had much time or money to spend on theatres. Nevertheless, it seemed to his uncritical eye that Sandy, young and sweet and pretty as she looked, didn't really

But he must be wrong.

All the people in the dressing-room, showering their praises on Sandy, seemed to suggest it, and so did Jefferson Peters. Dick's from deargest at the people of the suggest it. frown deepened as he noticed that gentle-man's hand once again resting comfortably on Sandra's shoulder.

Perhaps she sensed Dick's eye upon her, for at that moment she looked round and flashed a quick grin at him across the room that was both mischievous and contrite. Just for an instant Miss Sandra Dawes changed back again to Sandy. She murmured an apology to Jefferson Peters, ducked grace-fully under his arm, and sped across to

"Darling, I'm sorry I snapped," she whis-pered, snuggling her hand into his, "though you were a beast and deserved it. Look, we're all going on to a party at some local bigwig's house. You will come, won't you? Dancing, drinks, and my darling Dick," she added pertly, "what more could a girl ask for?"

added pertiy, what her.

for?"

Dick grinned back at her.

"Nothing," he said, "except that you've got them in the wrong order." Then he glanced regretfully at his watch and added, "But seriously, darling, I don't think I'd better come. I'm on call at the hospital this evening. One of the other chaps is filling in for a course, but I can't keep him up all

night.

"Oh, Dick!" Sandy looked so dejected that Dick felt a brute. "This is my big night, darling, and I won't enjoy the rest of it if you don't come."

No man — least of all Dick — could have

resisted the appeal in her large, grey eyes,
"Well, just for half an hour then," he
relented. "At least I can drive you to the party and have the memory of one dance to take home with me."

But in the end, with all the excitement and

confusion of leaving the theatre, it was Jeffer-son Peters who drove Sandy to the dance.

Ignoring her laughing protests with prac-tised skill he manouevred her into the front seat of his roadster and shot off, leaving Dick to follow more slowly in his battered old

car.

Dick was still furning when he strode into the ballroom and his temper did not improve when he eventually saw Sandy. Instead of waiting apologetically for him near the door, as he'd expected, she was already dancing with Jefferson. His head was bent towards her in earnest conversation. Sandra listened to him, her eyes shining, apparently absorbed.

Dick had a sudden urge to punch the actormanager on his classic nose and undoubtedly would have done so if he'd heard the words that were being spoken in that deep, musical

voice,
"My dear," Jefferson Peters was saying,
"you were splendid, splendid! I was proud
of you. I don't think I've ever had a young
actress in my company who showed as much
promise as you do. You have a gift, my
dear, a precious gift. You can't rush off
and marry that nice young doctor of yours
for a long time yet. You must lead a dedicated life, little Sandra, and I shall help
you."

you."
"Oh, thank "Oh, thank you, Jefferson," breathed Sandra gratefully.

"Now you won't be offended, my dear," he went on, "if I tell you that there are one or two moments in your performance that need refining, polishing a little, before you face a West End audience. The love scene in the third act, for instance — that needs working on. Now, if you come back to my rooms tonight after the party FII just take you through the scene again while it's fresh in my mind."

Just for a moment Sandra hesitated. Wasn't it a little odd to suggest taking her back to his rooms? It would be very late. But she banished the unworthy thought from her mind. Jefferson Peters led a dedicated life, too. Time and place meant nothing to him. He thought only of the play, of making it as near perfect as possible.

"Very well, Jefferson," she agreed, "it's awfully good of you to take so much trouble." "Not at all," said the great man, giving her a fatherly squeeze as the music ended.

Meanwhile Dick was pushing his way through the laughing couples.
"Sandy," he said firmly, "I've got to go now. My half hour is up."

Sandra put her hand to her mouth in an appealing little gesture of dismay.

"Oh, darling, must you?" she said, "and we haven't had one dance yet."

"No," said Dick shortly, "we haven't. Will you come out and see me off?"

By the time they reached the car Dick and Sandy were well away on the first serious quarrel of their lives.

"I think you're being most unreasonable," said Miss Sandra Dawes. "I had no idea time was flying so fast and, anyway. I think it's mean of you to rush off like this. You arrive a whole act late and leave about two hours early — and on the most important night of my life, too."

"The most important night of my life," said Dick, "was the night I proposed to you and you accepted. But I don't suppose you remember that trifling little incident now you have your career to think of. I explained why I have to rush off and also why I was late. A serious accident case was brought in

"I know," said Sandra impatiently, "but this is my first night, in the first big part I've ever had — and one of my best scenes is in the first act, as it happens. Surely you don't think some old accident case that anyone could have attended to was more important than seeing me?"

"Frankly, I do," Dick's voice was firm,
"and so would anyone in their right senses
who hadn't lost all idea of proportion. I

don't like what's happening to you, Sand Before long you'll grow to be as phony an brittle as that old ham Peters."

"How dare you . . . !" began Sand

"How dare you . . !" began Sun furious, but Dick ignored the interruption

"And it's not even as if you could ac," be went on recklessly. "You're sweet and preu and I love you — Heaven help me — bu you haven't an ounce of real acting ability.

"I have, I have!" Sandy was stamping befoot with rage. "Jefferson Peters says I have—masses of it. And I'm going to be a sense than the West End when he's helped me polish up my part a

helped me polish up my part a

But even in her anger some-thing prevented Sandy from revealing just when and where the polishing was to take

"If you ever get to the West End, my darling," retorted Dick, climbing into the car and slamming the door, "which I doubt, you'll be a sensation all right — the most sensational flop of all time. And as for Jefferson Peters," he went on, revving up the engine to a noisy pitch of fury and shouting above it, "he's a pro-fessional wolf and I'll bet he's been handing out the same line to e v e r y attractive young juvenile since his company began."

Dick rammed his

foot on the accelera-tor and the old car jerked forward, back firing protestingly. Sandy stood on the pave ment with tears of rage streaming down be

It was some time before she recovered sufficiently to feel just a little bit ashamed of herself.

'Dick's smug and hateful and much t serious for his own good, and, what's more he has no faith in my future," she brooded "but I suppose I have been rather a best to him tonight."

She walked slowly back to the house, con-posing a charming little note of apology to Dick. It would show him that there we nothing petty or provincial about Sandr Dawes. She had a great heart as well as Dawes. She great future.

Sandy paused outside one of the window of the ballroom to repair the damage to her tear-stained face. As she leant forward with her mirror to catch a shaft of light escaping through a gap in the heavy velvet curtains she heard the penetrating voice of Myra Gold — leading lady of the company coming clearly from inside.

"Well, all I can say is, Jefferson, that hope you net your latest little butterfly soon She's ruining the play."

Sandra went cold all over. Jefferson above called her his "little butterfly" — she has called her his "little butterfly" — she has

thought it charming and old-world of him Surely Myra couldn't mean . . ?

The mellow tones of Jefferson Peters als

"Oh, my dear, you're so right," he said soothingly, "my poor little Sandra. Not spark of talent — not a spark But she's so

"She's so young and pretty," snapped Myra with more than a touch of malice. "My dear Jefferson, they all are. But sometime you manage to pick one who can also act a bit — or at least one who knows her own limitations. This poor deluded child is talking blithely of the West End!"

Jefferson's musical laugh joined with

ing blithely of the West End!" Jefferson's musical laugh joined with THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1955



"I'll get rid of her before we open in Brighton," he promised. "As a matter of fact, she's coming home with me tonight — to

There was a wealth of suggestion in his sice which was not lost on Sandy, or on Myra, either.

"How do you get away with it, Jefferson," she laughed, "you old horror?"

Sandy couldn't listen any longer. She leant against the window frame feeling rather sick. By turns she shivered and then went hot with shore. hot with shame.

Quite suddenly she had no illusions any more, either about herself or Jefferson Peters. What had Dick called him? An "old ham" — a "professional wolf." How right he'd been — dear, clear-sighted Dick. How she loused for him right this minute. Well, it was natural wasn't it, to want to see your was natural, wasn't it, to want to see your doctor when you were feeling sick?

Impulsively Sandy grasped the velvet curtain and jerked it open. She popped her head through the window into the ballroom, about two feet away from the startled face of Jefferson," she said, "I want to borrow your car. It's urgent. Give me the keys, please,"

She held out her hand with an imperious gesture and Jefferson, caught at a disadvantage for the first time in years, handed them over without protest. With a sweet little smile, which was not reflected by the expression in her eyes, Sandy took the keys and vanished.

vanished.

As the sped out of the town Sandy quickly readjusted her ideas about her future. Dick had a twenty-minute start, but in this fast car she could overtake him easily. Then she would confess to him what she'd always, deep in her heart, suspected — that she was not born to be an actress, but a country doctor's wife. THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958

was almost overcome with shame and nearly missed seeing Dick's old car parked by the side of the road. She jammed on the brakes and jumped out, and ran up the pathway to little farmhouse with lights blazing from the windows.

Sandra didn't stop to wonder what Dick was doing there — her one thought was to find him and start explaining.

She opened the door and stepped straight into a shabby living-room, where four frightened, tear-stained children were huddled together on the floor.

Dick suddenly appeared in the doorway, his coat off, his sleeves rolled up. He looked neither particularly pleased nor surprised to see her. He just waved for silence when she

"Boil plenty of water," he said briskly,
"and bring me clean towels or sheeting —
all you can find."

He disappeared into the room again as groan rang out, then put his head back through the door.

"Oh, and reassure those kids, will you, Sandy? Tell them what it's all about." "Well, what is it all about?" she asked in

bewilderment and then caught sight of the

'It's their mother - she's having another one," said Dick impatiently.
"Is — is she going to be all right?" asked

"I don't know," said Dick in a low voice,
"things don't look so good at the moment."
"But — but what can I tell the children?

How can I reassure them when their mother may be dying?" may be dying?"
"You're an actress, aren't you?" he said

For the next half hour, while the water came to the boil, Sandra put on the best performance of her life. She heated milk, found

little ones tucked up in bed again, asleep
—and the two elder boys smiling with relief.
They couldn't take their eyes off her as she
darted about their farmhouse in a shimmering evening gown.

Later Sandra stood beside Dick as watched him fighting for two human lives.

"And I dared to call him smug and too serious," she thought to herself in wonder. "He's doing a real job — his life is real — and mine has been all sham and make-

She felt very small-and very proud of him.

A long time afterwards, Dick came out of the bedroom, rolling down his sleeves, as Sandy was showing two delighted little boys their new baby sister.

"They'll both be all right now," he said at t. Apparently their father went for help on his bicycle, but it's a long ride. These young fellows here got frightened, and waved at me in the middle of the road. And it's just as well they did."

He smiled at the two little boys, who

grinned back happily.

"Oh, Dick, you were wonderful?" said
Sandy, so fervent that Dick laughed aloud. "Nonsense—it's just my job," he said. "You re the wonderful one—some girls would were the wonderful one—some girls would have fainted. And, darling, it was sweet of you to come after me, when I'd been so beastly to you. I've been feeling so ashamed. I don't know the first thing about acting—of course you're good. All those people said so, and Jefferson Peters himself. You'll be a great that one day."

star one day."
"Phooey!" "Phooey!" said Miss Sandra Dawes.
"They're hypocrites, the lot of them. You were the only one with the courage to tell the truth."

Dick looked so startled that Sandy grinned. Her lovely gown was spotted, and most of her

make-up was gone. The freckles were clearly visible on her little tilted nose.
"Dick," she said suddenly, "did they ever teach you in medical school that every time a new baby is born a star falls?"
Dick shook his head, bemused.

"Well, that's me," she explained. "I'm the star who fell before she even was one. I've fallen right down to earth tonight, my darling, and I'd like you to pick me up, dust me down, and marry me.'

Dick did not stop to work out the logic of Sandy's argument. In any case, it was beyond

"Right," he answered with enthusiasm. He laid the baby gently in the cradle, standing ready in a corner of the room, and took Sandy in his arms. The two little boys watched, entranced. One way and another, they were having quite an evening.

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A LITTLE MADNESS

It's essential in every life . . . A provocative short story

By NINA WARNER HOOKE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

THE smoke from my cigarette snakes upward, loops and floats away on an air current from the open window, like a heron's feather in the summer breeze. The ash tilts, loosens, falls. It falls into a shallow ash-tray of Provencal pottery, crudely painted in a design of white leaves on a green ground. On the inner surface of the base is imprinted a maxim or quotation in French, from a source unknown to me. A tourist's souvenir, it cost perhaps fifty centimes.

It is the sole legacy of my godmother, Janet Miller—I still find it hard to think of her by her married name of Downing—from whom I had been brought up to expect that I would one day inherit a fortune. I do not sigh for my lost inheritance. It is the loss of my godmother that I regret.

The Hotel Bella Vista was built at the turn of the century by Councillor Miller, that shrewd and far-sighted man who did so much to develop Southcliff from a quiet fishing village into a thriving holiday resort.

The building, a sprawling red brick edifice, begabled and balconied, stood at the centre of the perfect crescent described by the bay between its twin chalk headlands. It was not only the biggest but the best hotel in the resort.

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In 1915 Mr. Miller became a widower and six months later he died, leaving the Bella Vista unconditionally to his daughter and only child. At the scant age of twenty-five Janet Miller found herself the sole proprietress of a valuable and flourishing concern.

She did not recoil from the responsibilities which faced her, for she had the courage and much of the business acumen of her Scottish forcbears and was well equipped to follow in her father's footsteps.

While staying at the Bella Vista for their honeymoon, my parents formed a friendship with the young owner which was to endure for many years. A photograph of her taken at this time shows an oval face under smooth red hair worn in a kind of vertical knot at the back of the head.

The face is not a pretty one. The nose is too large, the mouth too small. Also it is a shade too composed, too intent. It is the face of a girl wanting to seem older than her years, and striving to mask demureness with gravity. Young Miss Miller had a lot to live up to, and she was deeply aware of it.

She worked very hard, managing her staff with efficiency and tact, and amply succeeded in her aim to maintain the high reputation of her establishment. The portrait shows, I think, that she was proud of her success. There is a touch of complacency in the curve of her small soft mouth.

But the eyes, if you study them closely, betray the spirit under the prim veneer of the businesswoman. A hint of ironic challenge lurks in the calm, direct gaze. It seems to say, "You think you know me. But don't be too sure that I shart's surprise you—and myself as well!"

Her busy life left Janet little time for diversion—or for personal relationships—which on the whole was a good thing. She was quite alone in the world and if she had been less preoccupied I believe she would often have felt profoundly lonely. Even as it was, there must have been times when she sensed the emptiness of her private life, for she responded eagerly to my mother's overtures of friendship.

She stood godmother at my christening and presented the beautiful robe of Honiton lace in which I was garbed, squalling fiercely, for the ceremony.

It had been one of her family treasures; but I suppose she knew even then, by some subtle prescience, that she would never have occasion to display it on a child of her own.

The Bella Vista was her child. Her child and master. She



was as rigorously dedicated to it as a nun to her vocation. There was something nun-like in her manner, the firm yet geutle absorption, the total absence of coquetry. I never, during my childhood, saw her in anything but neat dark dreams and action. dresses and white collars.

I saw her often, for my parents had become so attached to Southcliff that they regularly spent their holidays there, If, for any reason, they were prevented from going themselves, they sent me there on my own. I enjoyed myself hugely, feeling grown-up, worldly, independent. Also I was deeply aware of the distinction of being the special ward and protegge of Miss Miller. While other guests ate in the public dining-room I was privileged to share her private table.

I was always allotted the same little gabled room on the touth front, overlooking the sea. It had a white-painted bed covered with a pink dimity quilt, fringed with bobbles, and an enchanting picture of fishermen mending lobster-pots on the old stans. the old stone quay.

Better still, it had a tiny balcony on whose wrought-iron rail I used to tie a strip of seaweed to foretell the weather. In fine spells it stayed crisp and crackly; if rain threatened, it grew sticky and limp. I was allowed to sleep on my balcony on hot August nights. My parents were never told about this. It was a secret between Aunt Jan, as I called her, and me. her, and me.
To this day, abed in the stuffy dark of London, I have only

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to close my eyes and I am back under the stars at Southeliff, lying on pillows overspread with a blanket; and if I stretch out my fingers I can scuff them in the sand shaken out of my sandals.

I left school when I was seventeen. As an interlude of several months had to pass before I could begin a desired course in journalism, Aunt Jan invited me to stay with her at Southcliff. She refused to take any payment for my keep, so I set out to make myseff useful in a variety of small ways, taking messages, mending linen, and standing a turn when required at the reception desk. when required at the reception desk.

It was the height of the season when I arrived, and the hotel was packed with holiday visitors. But in early October the influx dwindled, and by the end of the month there were not more than twenty guests on the register, of whom only some half a dozen were permanent residents.

The autumn was Aunt Jan's time for relaxation, in so far as she was ever able to relax. If she had had no other interests but the Bella Vista she would perhaps have taken a proper holiday and gone abroad, like other hoteliers.

But now, at the age of forty-five, she had become a prominent personage in the town. She was a councillor, as her father had been before her, a chairman of committees, and a leading light in local affairs. The only time she was able to spare from her manifold duties was an occasional afternoon when we went for a walk together.

It was on one of these days, while we rested on a bench

near the putting green, that she told me she meant to leave me all she possessed.

"It will be a good deal of money, Biddy"-(this was her pet name for me)—"and, of course, the Bella Vista, too. I should like to think you will never sell it, but I don't want should like to think you will never sell it, but I don't want you to feel under an obligation in this respect, unless you develop a taste for the business. It's a hard and exacting one, as you know. It will be best for you to follow your own capeer until the time comes to make the choice."

I had, of course, already received hints from my parents, but this was the first time my godmother herself had confirmed her intentions. I felt a trifle stunned.

"It's very good of you, Aunt Jan, but—are you sure this is what you want to do?"

"Yes, I am quite decided. It would have been different "Yes, I am quite decided. It would have been different if I had had a family of my own. But as it is, you are all the family I have—or am ever likely to have. I'm very fond of you, Biddy, and I want you to know that you will never have to worry about the future. Mr. Kemp, my lawyer, is away just now, but as soon as he comes back I shall see him about drawing up my will. He has been pressing me for years to do so, but I hesitated because—"I She paused and looked away out over the wintry sea. "I

She paused and looked away, out over the wintry sea. "I dare say every woman hopes that she will one day meet a man who—well, there, it hasn't happened to me, and it's time

To page 26

to face the fact that it never will. But there's no reproach in being a spinster, no matter what anyone says. I lead a full and useful life and ought to be

and useful life and ought to be thankful for it."

She patted my hand—this was as far as she ever went towards showing her affectionand said briskly, "Now, shall we go on to the pier or round by the lighthouse? To the pier, I think, and then I can show you where we are planning to build a bandstand."

In the days that followed I

you where we are planning to build a bandstand."

In the days that followed I thought a good deal about Aunt Jan's momentous announcement. It was natural that I should be excited at the prospect of becoming an heiress. I walked about the hetel with a faintly proprietorial air and was less inclined to be deferential to Mrs. Barlow, the manageress whom I had never like dovernuch. She was a handsome blond woman with an effusive manner, but cold eyes. And then something happened which thrust everything else out of my head.

One morning—I remember

thrust everything else out of my head.

One morning—I remember that it was very fine and sunny—the station taxi drew up at the entrance and out of it stepped, or rather hobbled, a tall man supported on crutches. I was at the reception desk, for the clerk was away on holiday, and I watched the new arrival struggle through the swing doors followed by the taxi-driver carrying his suitcases, with professional curiosity. We had had no advance bookings for that day. The man made his way over to me and smiled engagingly. He had very bright blue eyes and a thin boyish face, but his hair was grey. ish face, but his hair was grey. This made it hard to guess his age. I learned later that he was in his early forcies. He was dressed in well-cut tweeds and a

dressed in well-cut tweeds and a heavy ulster.

He said, "The name's Downing. You're expecting me, I think." I made a show of consulting the register and then shook my head. "You're not? That's funny. I sent you a wire from the station before I left town." left town.

"I'm sorry, but we didn't re-

He frowned; then, leaning one of his crutches against the

Continuing

desk, began to rummage in his pockets. Presently he gave a shout of laughter and drew out a crumpled twist of paper.

"Just like me. Wrote out the damned thing and forgot to hand it in. Well, anyway, can you give me a room or can't

Yes, I'm sure we can. How

"Yes, I'm sure we can. How long do you mean to stay?"
"Dunno. Till I'm better, I suppose Bit of a crock now. Got this lot in a car smash. But don't worry. There's life in the old horse yet."

He had a quick and eager way of talking, smiling at the same time with his twinkling eyes and his nice teeth, that made you smile back and feel instantly at ease with him. "Doctor's instructions. What you want,' he said, 'is sea air and a quiet sleepy little place full of retired generals and potted palms. Nothing like it for nervous shock.' So here I am."

for nervous shock. So here I am."

I was glad my godmother was not present to hear her establishment referred to in such terms. In other circumstances I might have felt affronted myself. In my view the Bella Vista was both grand and progressive. But it was impossible to be offended by this disarming person.

I said, "We can give you a very nice room on the first floor, looking over the bayand a potted palm, if you like, but I don't think we have any retired generals."

He laughed again, uproariously.

iously. "I like you. What's your

"Bridget Jefferson."
"I bet you get called Biddy."
"Yes, as a matter of fact, I But only by my god-

mother."
"And who is your god-mother?" 'Miss Miller. She owns this

"Well, well. You and I will get along fine, Biddy. Will you take/me up and show me that nice room?"

And so he arrived. In des-cribing his impact on the Bella

A Little Madness

from page 25

Vista and everyone in it, I am tempted to paraphrase Caesar's famous dispatch—"He came, he saw, he conquered." No one was proof against his charm, from Aunt Jan down to the rawest chambermaid.

rawest chambermaid.

On account of his injuries, which had been serious, he demanded constant attention and special privileges. It was difficult for him to get about at first, so the vacant room adjoining his own was converted into a sitting-room and had a telephone extension installed in it.

EVEN after he was well and could dispense with his crutches he retained the use of this extra room. It was typical of the effect he had upon us all that there was never any question of additional charge for it.

Now was any objection made.

tional charge for it.

Nor was any objection made to his habit of coming in at all hours for meals. It was a rule of the hotel that no dinners were served after eight-thirty, but Mr. Downing would stroll into the dining-room at ten o'clock, when the waiters and kitchen staff had gone home; and Mrs. Barlow herself would open up the pantry and prepare a tempting tray for the miscreant.

creant.

"You can't help but spoil him," I heard her telling Todd, the desk clerk. "He's got such a way with him."

In the matter of a few weeks he had made himself free of the office and Miss Miller's private suite. By Christmas she was calling him Tom and he was calling her Jinnie. They began to go out together in hired cars for drives into the surrounding countryside.

At first they included me in these excursions; but soon,

At first they included me in these excursions; but soon, when it was clear that they preferred to be alone, I had fact enough to decline the half-hearted invitation.

Everyone was aware, at first with pleasure and later with consternation, of the change in my godmother. Her reserve was my godmother. Her reserve was broken down, her incipient

stateliness routed. Though by nature inclined to be prudish, she listened without objection to Tom's flow of risque stories. He told them well. He had not only a natural wit but a talent for clowning. Sometimes he made her laugh till she was

helpless.
But he could be serious, too.
And when he was serious there
was a poetic streak in him that
could be deeply moving. He
could quote Housman on all
occasions. I stood beside him
once in the big bay window of
the lounge, gazing out over the
steely November sea, and heard
him declaim to himself:
Oh, to the bed of ocean,
To Africk and to Ind.

To Africk and to Ind, will arise and follow Along the rainy wind. But often I did not know when he was quoting and when

But often I did not know when he was quoting and when not. There came a great storm when the waves dashed over the concrete wall of the parade, and he called them "grey wolves howling for their prey."

"Is that Housman, too?"

"No. Me."

"Are you a poet?"

"Only by inclination."

"An actor, then?"

"No, not even that. To be an actor requires the courage of a lion and the tenacity of a limpet. Also the ability to live for long periods on hope and sausage rolls. I'm much too fond of good food. What's on the menu tonight?"

"Roast goose, I think. If you're not a poet or an actor, what are you? Everybody has to be something."

I was being purposely inquisitive because, despite his readiness to talk about himself, I had noted that he told us little or nothing of his background. He had a great many telephone calls, mostly trunk calls from London, but little correspondence. His tastes, like his clothes, were expensive, but he seemed to have no occupation. He took my probing in good part.

"If you really want to know,

good part.
"If you really want to know,
I'll tell you. But it will be a
saddening revelation. I'm a
professional ne'er-do-well. No good for anything. Got packed off to Flanders in 1914 because my family were anxious to be rid of me. They were absolutely mortified when I survived the war. I'm a shocking bad hat. None of the best people will have anything to do with me. Quite right, too."

Quite right, too."

"I like you," I said, laughing.
"Do you? That's nice. Does
your godmother, do you think?"

"Yes, I'm sure she does."

He paused, then said thoughtfully, "Remarkable woman,
your godmother. But she
works too hard. Life is for
'ving, not for frittering away
among hotel ledgers and council referendums. She rouses
the reformer in me."

I had spoken less than the

I had spoken less than the truth when I said my god-mother liked him. Her feeling already went much deeper. Even if I had been less observ-ant than I was, I could not have helped noticing how her eyes

ant than I was, I could not have helped noticing how her eyes lit up and her mouth softened when Tom was near her.

Even her outward appearance had altered. She dressed now in bright colors, for Tom did not like her in black. This had the effect of taking ten years off her age. Her figure was slim and youthful, and there were times when she looked no more than a girl—the girl she had not had time to be in a life that was dedicated to the service of others. She even, at Tom's suggestion, had her hair cut short and waved.

She could deny him nothing. His every whim was law at the Bella Vista. The palms in the conservatory, at which he poked fun unmercifully, were removed and replaced by banks of freesias and cinerarias. A grand

nd cinerarias. A grand was installed in the sias and cinerarias.

lounge.

At Christmas he organised At Christmas he organised festivities on a scale unheard of in Southcliff. An orchestra was-engaged, there was a fancy-dress ball and dancing until three o'clock in the morning. Tickets were reasonable, and half the town flocked in.

My godmother was in the thick of the fun from start to finish. I do not think she had ever set foot on a dance floor in her life, but you would not have thought it to see her fox-trotting with Tom.

He could make her do any-thing by the sheer force of his

personality. I watched her a by in his arms, her movement controlled and guided by a own, wearing a low-cut dre and a Spanish comb in her had Small wonder that the worths of Southcliff stared at her amazement.

The metamorphosis had been so rapid that we were less stunned than we might other wise have been when the climar came. They were to be married in the new year.

The immediate effect of the announcement was, however, to cause a change of front towards the protagonists in the event. Tom Downing, the universal favorite of one day, was a butt of shame the next, a sponger, wastrel, and adventurer, preying on the starved affections of a foolish woman. Somehow it had got a small control of the starved affections of a foolish woman.

Somehow it had got around that he had no money what ever—could not even settle hi ever—could not even settle his hotel bill nor the accounts he had run up in the town for drinks, car hire, and other items. Not only the Bells Vista but the whole of Southeliff buzzed with disapproval Everywhere I went I heard shocked comment. shocked comment.

"Have you heard?" "In't is monstrous?" "What can she he thinking of?" "Anyone can se he's only after her money— And so on. Mrs. Barlow mos me aside in such a state of isdignation that one would he

thought her own future was a stake.

"We should have seen what was coming," she said. "I knee he was no good the minute I set eyes on him. Your Aum Jan must be out of her mind That man will be the ruin of her. All those calls he gets are from London bookmakers, and they're dunning him already. I hear Mr. Kemp's coming today. Let's hope he'll make her se reason before it's too late."

But, of course, there was nothing Mr. Kemp or anyone else could do. To all the consure, all the criticism and ridicule, my godmother turned a deaf ear and a face of serene indifference. Her eyes shone like

difference. Her eyes shore in the star sapphire she now wo on her engagement finger. ("H

To page 58



As natural as beauty itself!

New Lournay Nite'n' day



FLUID MAKE-UP



Silken smooth Fluid Make-up that gives new delicate colour to the skin. Smooth on the shade that suits you best and see how it conceals tiny imperfections and gives a flawless finish. When you use Fluid Make-up, you'll agree it is truly magical.

Shades that flatter your natural skin tone BLONDE . BEIGE . ROSE . SUNNY

COULD CREMITS Lournay Cosmetics are recommended by Guild Chemists also leading Department Scores throughout



The easy-fitted straight look of the "chemise" or sack

DRESS SENSE & Betty Keep

dress will be a popular autumn silhouette. The one illustrated (right) is chosen for a young reader who asks for a design and paper pattern for something new and smart.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"My problem is a style and "My problem is a style and paper pattern for a piece of black linen-like silk to wear till it gets cool. I was wondering about a sack frock, as I want something a bit unusual and new and smart. I am in and new and smart. I am in my late teens and considered to have a good figure. I will be looking forward to seeing your answer to my query and the style."

You couldn't have anything newer or smarter than a "chemise." Right now they're high fashion, but they'll be seen in droves for next autumn. The dress is illus-

trated at right. The over-all look of the silhouette remains slim, but the truly new look is defined by the slack waistline, narrowing hemline, and shorter length. One half to one inch shorter is short enough at present, in my opinion.

You can obtain a paper pat-tern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in, bust. Under the picare further details and how to order.

"I WISH to make some type of semi-evening jacket, but can't decide on the style or fabric. The jacket is for autumn and is to be worn at night over a black silk sheath."

A blazer-jacket made in

brocade is very new for late day and later. Design details include single-breasted fasten-ings, jewel buttons, wrist-length, set-in, uncuffed sleeves, and two patch pockets placed low on the hipline.

"WHAT type of skirt could I have that would be fairly straight but eased over the hipline?"

A barrel skirt. The over-all effect is slim and tapering; roundness at the hip is de-veloped by spaced tucking.

"I HAVE two pieces of 2yd. lengths of silk, one is shantung printed with large coin spots and the other is brocade. My problem is what

to make with the fabrics. thought perhaps evening blouses. I could then wear them with a black crepe skirt."

Silks are being used extensively and impressively for over-blouses, and I think it would be an excellent fashion would be an excellent tashion idea to use your two pieces of material. Have the brocade made sleeveless with a bateau neckline and sides slashed approximately 2in. on each side seam. Have the blouse hip-length and beltless. For the coin-spotted shantung I like the idea of an oval neckline, short cuffed sleeves, and a self-sash. Have the sash starting at the side seams and tying centre-front with a bow.

DS282.—Chemise dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Regul 3½yds. 36in. material, Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtain from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

CHERISH THE CHINLINE

By CAROLYN EARLE

If your jawline is already blurred or the skin of your neck slack, it will require more than improved posture to remedy the trouble.

SLAPPING and pinching are not habits that are encouraged in the ordinary way, but when it comes to chin care they are thoroughly recommended.

To pep up your circulation and restore skin condition, douse the backs of your hands with astringent and slap em under your chin and round your jaw with firm, brisk slaps.

Follow with upward strokes of fingers thickly covered with skin cream.

Pinching the muscles of shoulders and neckline also helps to improve the ap-Pinch firmly right up to your ears, keeping fingers and skin well lubricated with cream.

Try to keep these treatments to a rhythmic motion. Soft music, for in-stance, relaxes and helps you keep time.



revolution back to school...



WHITE STRAW-BOATERS perch precariously and flatly on the heads of the girls from The Hermitage, the Geelong Church of England Grummar School, photographed on their first day—February 14, 1906. White frocks were compulsory, with black shoes and stockings.

If mothers, now preparing once more for the new school year, could be shown a crocodile of yesterday's schoolgirls, their first reaction would be-"Think of the washing and ironing."

THE starched, frilled to overcome the reluctance of parents and pupils.

In the early 1880s only the tips of shoes showed under the

School uniforms, which appeared in Australia as early as the 1880s, and perhaps even before, weren't generally accepted until the 1900s.

Advocates of uniforms had uncompromising necklines.

all of which had to be pressed with a flatiron — high - necked, buttoned-all-down-the-front, long-sleeved uniforms. uniforms.

The colors — fawn, dark grey, or black, according to the school—were sometimes enlivened by a mauve or white sash, and occasionally a tiny frill of white softened the high,

Older girls were allowed to wear the suggestion of a bustle trimmed with velvet—attached over their ordinary uniforms and worn only for "best."

Leg-o'-mutton sleeves came in during the late 1880s, also an all-white uniform.

Jewellery was taboo, just as it is today. Perhaps one locket, one brooch, or one tiepin, nothing more.

One school, when it was the fashion to wear two hair-bows, brought in the rule that no more than five gold pins could be used to keep the ribbons in place. More would have been ostentatious.

Merton Hall, Melbourne,

gave a gymnastics exhibition in 1907. The girls wore white blouses and navy, box-pleated tunics—the first time box-pleated tunics had been worn in public.

The seniors, who all wore

researches to keep their wasp waists, weren't at all pleased when they had to remove them for gymnastics!

In the 1920 no-waist era

many boarding-schools began to request black velveteen frocks for winter evenings and

white voile for summer.

Day girls wore knee-length tunics belted loosely around the hips and pudding-basin hotel.



BLOOMERED and belted for the fray, this pride of the hockey team leans on her stick to display the sports uniform of the early 1920s.



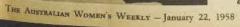
ABOYE: Tiers of starched frills decorated the bonnels worn by the young ladies of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Rose Bay, Syd-ney, between the 1880a and 1915.

BELOW: Today's school bonnets are vasily different—trim velour hats or berets for winter, crisp panamas for summer.



ABOVE: Long stockings and skirts didn't hamper tennis at Wenona, Sydney, in the 1920s.

RIGHT: Schoolgirls today favor short socks and dresses as brief as their school will allow.









During this coming school

term, your child's feet will



Ten, Black, B, D fittings, Sizes

Put them in PADDLE

for healthy, natural growth . . .

Children's feet grow fast!

Your child's feet can grow a full size or more during just one school term.

This means that shoes bought when school goes back may be cramped, out-grown and dangerous by the time the term ends.

But not Paddle shoes. For sturdy Paddle styles are designed to give ample natural growing room, while providing firm foot-support and real comfort. Play safe — put them in Paddle — and they'll go back to school assured of healthy feet, because Paddle shoes fit correctly.

And, by the way, Paddle shoes wear much better, too.

FRACTIONAL FITTINGS!

SEAMLESS BACK LININGS!

AUSTRALIAN LASTS!

Send them back to school in

PADDLE

CHILDREN'S SHOES

7PAD13

In Loudon Tan Block Sizes 4 11:

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLA - January 22, 19

Page 30

F232. fn Tan or Stack. Size 11-11/2, 2-10.

Learning to do "sums the easy way

MOST people remem-ber arithmetic as a lesson in which they waded through countless pages of sums, for no apparent reason except to have them marked.

This mere "doing of sums" probably made many children dislike arithmetic, and, consequently, do badly in it.

While this "mechanical

While this "mech sum mania" has not peared from some schools, the modern teaching methods used in most places probably grew from one simple fact:

Arithmetic is basically con-cerned with life and not simply with abstract num-

for instance, when you go shopping, you need to add, subtract, multiply, and perhaps divide money; when you cook, or make dresses, you need to understand weights and measures; and sometimes you have more complicated calculations, concerned with

allowances, percentages, inter-est, income-tax, and so on. As an adult, you don't sit down and work out a string of pointless sums. What modern teachers must

first do is teach children to count; to examine different groups of items, and say how there are.

many there are.

Thus, in school, children may be asked: How many panes in that window? How many pieces of chalk here? How many children present?

They are not being asked to "count" in the sense of reciting the names of numbers, but in the sense of looking at

in the sense of looking at

familiar objects and deciding how many there are.

This is real counting; so next time you hear somebody say that their little boy or girl can count, it may be that the child is only reciting "one-two-three-four" as a meaningless mumbo-jumbo.

less mumbo-jumbo.

For "group counting," some teachers use dots, arranged in certain patterns. But many think that dots are dull, and use familiar symbols.

You can easily make pages of such items for your child;

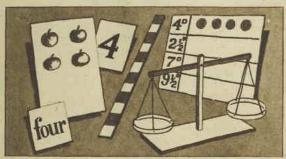
The next step, therefore, is the first move in abstract arith-

Children can have short strings of beads, bundles of sticks, matches, little sets of items which can be convenibundled together.

They can count the con-tents of each group, and write down how many they find. They can also use cards with

numbers on them to match pictures of grouped items.

But most everyday arith-



AIDS to learning addition and subtraction. They help make the task easier for teacher and pupil.

to say numbers and to count groups of items, they soon will ant to write down what they

They will be familiar with the shapes of figures on buses,

tickets, signposts, gates, etc. But there is an importar is an important difference between knowing that the shape "2" is called "two" and being able to re-late it to your hands, eyes, or the wheels of a bicycle.

e.g., draw three apples, four metic is concerned with money trees, and seven people. rather than with bare numbers, and, to a lesser extent, rather than with bare num-bers, and, to a lesser extent, with weights and measures and

So even before going to school a child can get some idea of pennies and sixpences and shillings, and the connections between them.

Coins will soon have real

meaning for your child if you show him while shopping, and encourage him to have "shops"

Similarly, you can help him

By J. C. GAGG, Leading Primary Education Consultant

understand weights and measures, and time, long before you expect to see him doing sums in those branches of arith-

Talk to him about the times of buses, meals, etc. Have a dummy clock, with movable hands, for him to play with.

Length, weight, and liquid measures are first met in the same practical way—by actual handling rather than by writing down abstract symbols.

Children can be encouraged to compare their own heights, the heights of chairs, the length of bricks or toys.

Later they can have strips of strong card or wood marked off in colored inches (no frac-tions) for measuring every-thing round them.

How this concrete start can lead to learning the operation known as "sums" is best illustrated this way:

Mary has four pencils in her hand, and you can say, "If you had two more, how many would that be?"; or "If I took away three, how many would you have left?"

If Mary doesn't know, she can always find out by actually performing the action.

Leading from this she can deal with pictures of items and written answers.

With this essential, though enjoyable, beginning, children are ready to learn more about plus and minus, timetables, tens and units, and all the ab stract operations known as

SCIENCE FACTS

About the sun

bigger than the earth, is still only an averagesize star, which seems immense because it is comparatively close a mere 90,000,000

miles away.
The most outstanding thing about the sun is the enormous amount of energy it generates in light, heat, ultra-violet rays, and X-rays.

Until recently the source of this energy, which has lasted for thousands of millions of years, was a mystery.

Now scientists know that the sun's energy comes from constant nuclear fusion—hydrogen explosions - near

The sun's temperature at its centre is 35,000,000 degrees F., but the sun's surface, which is nearly 500,000 miles from its centre, is only warm — only 10,000 degrees F., although hot enough to vaporise anything.

The sun's atmosphere, however, is extremely hot. About 50,000 miles out from the sun the temperature of its atmospheric gases is as high as 2,000,-

000 degrees F. Scientists know this by checking the intensity of radiation from this hot gas. Although they don't know the reason for this extreme heat, they think

THE sun, which is it has something to do with the magnetic fields of sunspots.

Sunspots—dark patches on the sun which appear and disappear—have been studied for more than a century.

They are sources of vast magnetic fields which stretch out from the body of the sun into its atmosphere, and which appear to be responsible for occasional violent movements of the sun's atmospheric

gases. Sometimes hot solar gas is flung at millions of miles an hour into space.

This gas reaches and envelops the earth, and probably causes magnetic storms, which upset longrange radio communica-tions, and aurorae like the Aurora Australis.

But scientists generally believe that, apart from this gas, the sun's atmos-phere reaches as far out as the earth, and that the earth is immersed in it.

The earth, however, is protected from the bursts of hot gases and from of hot gases and from hydrogen-helium mixture of the sun's atmosphere by its own atmosphere and its own magnetic field. This field deflects the hot gases, and prevents the earth's atmosphere drifting out into the sun's atmosphere.

the sun's atmosphere. So that the earth's magnetic field is vital to existence as a separate, breathing, living entity within the solar system.

Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter Whistle Clean



-for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective vet so mild. And there are no unnecessary additives in Halo, no greasy oils or soap to interfere with cleansing action or leave sticky, dirt-catching film. Halo, even in hardest water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, whistle clean.

SMALL BOTTLE, 3'. . REGULAR, 5'- . BUBBLES, 1'3 BUY THE BIG REGULAR SIZE AND SAVE MONEY



5 Summer specials from KRAFT

CHEESE TREATS TO EMPT EVERY TAST

— and add nourishment to meals right round the clock

These sunny days, just the word "cheese" brings on an appetite for most people. And that's easy to understand-because cheese has everything wanted in a Summer food. It's refreshing, full of nourishment . . . and easy to serve anytime of day.

And when you choose your cheeses from the wonderful Kraft range — no-one misses out on his favourite flavour! No need to run short of cheese treat ideas, either. In these two pages alone are five new cheese specials-all created by the good cooks at

But remember: There's only one way to let everyone enjoy fine Kraft cheeses—and that's to serve them often! So on with the

Open Face Sandwiches—that show you how good they are. See—in the centre of our photograph. Butter slices of different breads, perhaps dark and light ryc, or white and brown bread. Arrange crisp lettuce and slices of ham or cold meat on the bread. Top with slices of golden Kraft Cheddar Cheese—or for a delicate nut sweet flavour use Kraft Swiss Cheese—(look! you can see the distinctive eye-holes of Swiss in the picture). Decorate with slices of cool unpeeled cucumber, spicy eherkins, slices of tomato. cool unpeeled cucumber, spicy gherkins, slices of tomato, stuffed olives, strips of green or red pepper and any other garnishes that you fancy. Arrange on a large platter and serve. Don't say "Come for a snack" — these Kraft sandwiches make their own invitation.

Tomatoes and Cheese-the appetising snack at the Tomatoes and cheese top right of our table.

Top lightly grilled tomato halves with slices of Kraft Coon Cheese — the fully matured "tasty" cheese — and slip under the griller until the cheese melts. Tasty on toast, tantalizing - in fact, a combination that teams perfectly with lots of different dishes.

3 Fruit Salad (lower right) — something new, and nice! An attractive dessert that's made in a jiffy with (and here's a surprise) delicate tasting Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Chill your favourite fruit salad in individual bowls. Generously top with Philadelphia Cream Cheese which has

been softened and mixed with a little fruit juice or milk. Decorate with cherries, strawberries or nuts. Mmm! This "Philly" fruit salad will even win over those who imagine they're not sweet eaters.

Complete your meal this elegant way-serve a delicious Kraft cheese tray like the one at the top left in our photograph.

A cheese tray graces any table — and it's so simple to prepare. Just arrange a selection of Kraft cheeses on a platter add a few cracker biscuits and fruit - then For a cheese tray to suit every taste be sure to include mellow Monterey, nut-sweet Swiss, "tasty" Coon, delicate freshtasting Philadelphia Cream Cheese, piquant Kraft Bleu and mild Kraft Cheddar. Complete your tray with a jar of Kraft Cream Cheese Spread and a few 1-oz. portions of cheese. Now, say "help yourself" and you certainly won't have to

Creamy Pineapple Salad (lower left) - a real event in your summer dining.

The little effort in preparing a moulded salad is well worth the glamorous and tempting results. For this delicious Kraft salad in a new icc-cool setting you need:

Ingredients: 1½ dessertspoons gelatine: ¼ cup cold water;

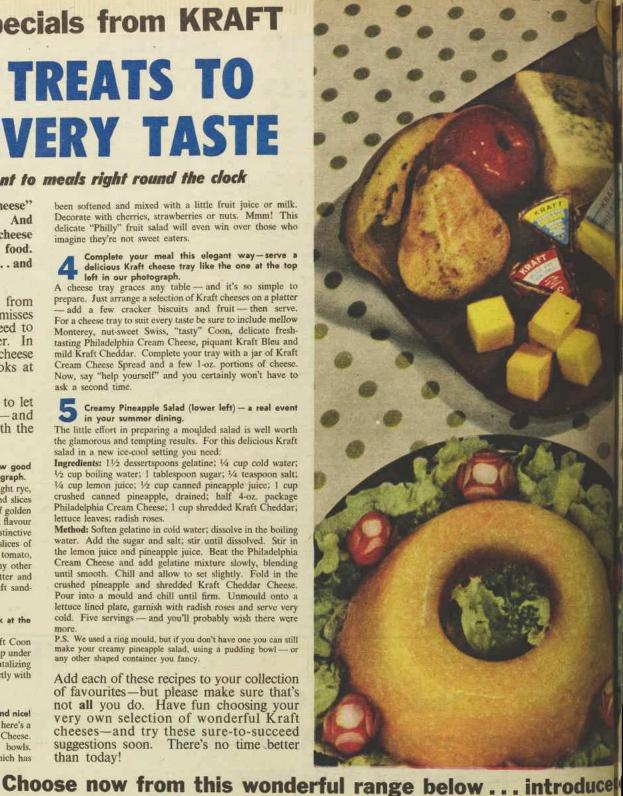
1/2 cup boiling water: 1 tablespoon sugar; 1/4 teaspoon salt; 1/4 cup lemon juice; 1/2 cup canned pineapple juice; 1 cup crushed canned pineapple, drained; half 4-oz. package Philadelphia Cream Cheese; 1 cup shredded Kraft Cheddar; lettuce leaves; radish roses.

Method: Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve in the boiling water. Add the sugar and salt; stir until dissolved. Stir in the lemon juice and pineapple juice. Beat the Philadelphia Cream Cheese and add gelatine mixture slowly, blending until smooth. Chill and allow to set slightly. Fold in the crushed pineapple and shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Pour into a mould and chill until firm. Unmould onto a lettuce lined plate, garnish with radish roses and serve very cold. Five servings - and you'll probably wish there were

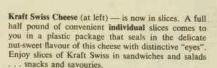
more.

P.S. We used a ring mould, but if you don't have one you can still make your creamy pineapple salad, using a pudding bowl — or any other shaped container you fancy.

Add each of these recipes to your collection of favourites-but please make sure that's not all you do. Have fun choosing your very own selection of wonderful Kraft cheeses—and try these sure-to-succeed suggestions soon. There's no time better



K KRAFT SWISS







Kraft Blen (above): A rich, piquant flavoured blue vein cheese. Kraft Bleu is a delightful "after-dinner" cheese served with cracker biscuits and salad greens. Deliciously different in salads and sandwiches.

Mouterey Cheese (at left): The mellow, well-balanced flavour and delightfully smooth texture of Monterey are fully protected in its new 6-oz. scaled plastic package. Ideal for snacks and lunch sandwiches.



Coon Cheese (above): Great news! This old-time Coon Cheese (above): Great news: I'm case that i'm tasty" favourite is now available in convenient 1/2-lb. plastic packages. No rind or dried on edges — a fresh 1/2-lb. for "lasty" cheese that fully matured and specially selected. Goon, made by Kraft, is a fine "after-diment" cheese — and delicious in sandwiches and on savoury biscuis.

Please don't be disappointed if you cannot always obtain the new convenient sized packs of Swiss, Monterey and Coon. These fine cheeses are also available from most grocers and delicatessens in plastic wrapped rindless loaves and your supplier will for you any available from most grocers and delicatessens in plastic wrapped rindless loaves and your supplier will cut for you any quantity you require of Swiss, Monterey and Coon.

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Cheese is a wonderful !



citing Kraft cheeses to your menus soon

Kraft Spreads (at right): Choose from Cheddar Cheese Spread, Gorgonzola, Cream Cheese Spread, Smokay, Danish Blue and a non-cheese variety — Sandwich Relish All come in 5-ot reusable glasses with Sandwich Relish also in a giant economy-size 10½-oz. glass. And Cheez Whiz—for a creamy-thick cheese sauce. Perfect for all your fast cheese treats.









Cheese Portions (at left): Ideal for lunch boxes — and always a hit at parties and picnics. Try giving portions in school lunches to the children who are not keen on their daily glass of milk. Big variety — Cheese and Bacon, Gruyere, Old English, Cheddar, Velveera and Gorgonzola,





AUSTRALIAN PROCESSED CHEESE

Kraft Cheddar: Australia's family favourite

KRAFT

Kraft Old English: For those in your family who like a packaged cheese with a stronger flavour. Delicious in sandwiches, savouries and salads. Made from fully matured cheese. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.





Kraft Velveeta: A mild flavoured cheese food that contains all milk's goodness. Velveeta spreads like butter — in fact, you don't need butter when you spread money-saving Velveeta. Choose the yellow money-saving Vervetta. 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.



Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese: Made from whole milk with added cream, Phila-delphia is so versatile . . . try some with desserts and salads . . as a sandwich combination . . on the breakfast toast with your favourite jam. "Philly" is a refrigerated product.

KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses (S) THE Australian Women's Wherly - January 22, 1958

Page 33

Your Sign & Your Luck Vour Job Your Home OYour Heart & Socially

MAY II

0

ARIES

GEMINI

LEO

MARCH SI - APRIL 20 TAURUS

* Lucky number this week, Lucky color for love, silver, Camoling colors, silver, gold, Lucky daya, Priday, Sunday, Luck in rlang prestige. The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6 Lucky color for love navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, wh lucky days. Thursday, Bunday, Luck in travel and the printed wo

Lucky number this week, & Lucky color for love, black Gambling colors, black green Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday, Luck in achieving an ambition,

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors, Lucky days, Friday, Saturday, Luck in love.

* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, rose, Lucky days, Tuesday, Priday, Luck in the marketplace.

★ Lucky number this week. I. Lucky color for love, yellow, Gambling colors, yellow, grey, Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday, Luck in a communication.

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Cambling colors, grey, light blue. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in an agreement.

* Lucky number this week. 5. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red. white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in lendership.

* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet, orange colors, riolet, orange Lucky days, Telesday, Saturday, look in a secret.

The Twins Lucky number this week, I Lucky color for love, brown, Gambling colors, brown, green, Lucky days, Monday, Saturday, Luck in finance. CANCER Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday
Luck in partnerships.

VIRGO

LIBRA

The Balance SCORPIO

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22 SAGITTARIUS

The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20 CAPRICORN
The Goat
EMBER 21 - JANUARY 19

AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 Lucky number this work, J. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey, Lucky days, Thursday, Priday, Luck among friends.

* You tackle awkward situations. A certain dogged determination and the fact you know what you want could take you a long way. Display your abilities.

* Many of you are thinking in terms of income and how to balance that budget. Avoid new commit-ments for the present; remember that saving is better than spending

New relations on the job may change the atmosphere. There could be someone new alongside you who has a different background and a novel viewpoint.

* Those acting out on their first job should gain a sympathetic hear-ing. First impressions will be very important. Strike a happy medium in your display of confidence. * Take a chance and apply for work you feel you can do and would enjoy. The stars will be kind if you are anxious to try out new or unfamiliar tasks.

* If your job is concerned with communications, publications, or educational matters the pace will soon be swifter. Transfers to ab-other district are possible.

* Various financial arrangements may govern your actions. You em-hark on a programme and find the sofing easier than you anticipated. Pay increase could encourage you * This is where you shine! Your vital personality, shrewd judgment, and pleasant manner can take you a long way. Anything to do with buying or selling should prosper.

* You'll be happiest working alone just now. You can accomplish more when you are free from too many interruptions or attempting to please too many people.

* If the parents of children on holidays, your home will be filled with their pais, or you take them to the beach. Your own friends are more hospitable than usual.

* Perhaps it is a new home, or you are busy making it more attractive or more convenient. Some of you will be so proud of improvements that you show them to all.

* Either the holidays are keeping you on the move or, if you've been staying home, you've aimplified your style of Bying Meals outdoors delight both old and young * This could be a quiet week dur-ing which you look forward to changes ahead, but enjoy the pres-ent interval of peacetul relaxation. Complete some domestic tasks.

*You may see more relatives, in-laws than usual. Some may stay with you for a day or two and there may be, as a consequence, visits from friends seen only rarely.

Some are contemplating moving o another district, the sale or ourchase of property. A larger some may be needed for a growing amily, or a flat for older couples.

★ Your normal domestic routine is almost certain to be broken into by day-long expeditions to various places of interest. You may be showing strangers your home town.

* Attending sales for household goods may provide you with in-teresting experiences. Should you pick up a bargain make sure it harmonises with other possessions.

You will set the tone and your home will not be conventional at present, when you feel the need to get away from the assembly-line ideas. Be original.

* Wrap your four walls around you. Many of you will live slone, and like it. You're your own boas, do as you please. This is good for your nervous system.

If an honor has been bestowed on either of you, if your beloved has asken a step up the career ladder and is given greater responsibilities you can both rejoice.

You could meet the bo, or girl of your dreams at the seaside, on a cruise, or anywhere away from home. Wnether the friendship out-lasts the holiday will be up to you.

* Should a cloud of dialilusion-ment be passing over your emotional sky you may break off what you regarded as the romance of your life. Your heart will soon mend.

★ The game of hearts can be very thrilling, especially when there is more than one candidate for your favor. Don't be foolish enough to pass up a really fine person. * If he works where you do or nearby, you may have much to talk about; don't do it during work-ing hours. Make it an excuse for a date on a summer evening.

* This is a whiriwind that sweeps you along in a hase of glory. You can't concentrate on anything be-cause you are daydreaming of that wonderful future you will have.

Ask him home, play your new records for him, or invite another c-uple for an evening's talk and fun. He'll be pleased to see you from another angle.

* You and your beloved should be happy at picnics, beach parties, little journeys to new scenes. There is likely to be more aocial life than usual for you both.

★ Impressed by your boy-friend's practical ability, by his friends and environment, you make an at-tempt to live up to his dream-girl. This gives you a new personality.

Porever on a tangent, you're full surprises and the beloved may arvel at your ability to produce new you every few minutes. This scinates, but could bewilder him.

* It's just when you've gone a bit sour on romance that you meet the perfect target for your thoughts. Indifference on your part will add to your attraction.

when a new friend appointed to use you as a lean stop, look, and listen. The paying a high price to ship. Don't tie yourself of the paying a high price to ship.

* Invitations to move in you feel flattered to join may your way. People may be cationally, able to broaden horizon. Listen and learn

* Travellers have the best for they enter new worms, stay-at-home can have fun be ing about fat-off places. Ot you may be planning to stud

* Work out your program, the new year, choose and among pussibilities at you possil. Avoid too heavy a lyou'll have no margin of le

* You'll be popular and in mand functioning as a membe the team. You help to orga-amusements and be writed an a Tact requires you to share bon

* You may scrap social in for the time being. If you miproving your skill. In some or making regular appointmen a purpose, you'll take time.

* Fun of the lighter kine, want to be amused and you'll that which requires the least. There could be a chance m with an old flame at a per with the could be a chance of the chance of the could be a chance of the chan

* Many of you will prefer who come to you rather that out yourself. The informal visit will be more appreciate what has been planned.

* Perhaps you'd rather with a book or pursue your hobby. You can't be hold be amiable, especially to folk who will not exert them

Barn!' on it, you'll know that I've taken pity on them and concealed it in the pigsty!"

"Why the pigsty, dear?" asked Miss Marple with interest. "Do they keep pigs?" "Oh, no, not nowadays. It's just—I go there sometimes."

For some reason Lucy blushed. Miss Marple looked at her with increased interest.

"Who's at the house now? asked Craddock.

"Cedric's there and Bryan's down for the weekend. Harold and Alfred are coming down tomorrow. They rang up this morning. I somehow got the impression that you had been

Continuing 4.50 From Paddington

putting the cat among the pigeons, Inspector Craddock." Craddock smiled.

"I shook them up a little. Asked them to account for their movements on Friday, December 20."

"It think alibis must be terribly difficult," said Lucy. "Times and places and dates. They must be hard to check up on, too.

from page 21

-but we manage." He glanced at his watch. "I'll be coming along to Rutherford Hall pre-sently to have a word with Cedric, but I want to get hold of Dr. Quimper first."

"You'll be just about right.
He has his present it and

He has his surgery at six, and he's usually finished about half-past. I must get back and deal with dinner."

"d like your opinion on thing, Miss Eyelesbarrow. it's the family view about

this Martine business—amongst themselves?"

Lucy replied promptly.
"They're all furious with
Emma for going to you about
it—and with Dr. Quimper, who,
it seemed, encouraged her to
do so. Harold and Alfred think
it was a try on and not senuine. to so. Harold and Alfred think it was a try on and not genuine. Emma isn't sure. Cedric thinks it was phony, too, but he doesn't take it as seriously as the other two. Bryan, on the other hand, seems quite sure that it's genuine.

"Why, I wonder?"
"Well, Bryan's rather like "Well, Bryan's rather like that. Just accepts things at their face value. He thinks it was Edmund's wife — or rather widow—and that she had suddenly to go back to France, but that they'll hear from her again sometime. The fact that she hasn't written, or anything, up to now, seems to him to be quite natural because he never writes letters himself. Bryan's rather sweet. Just like a dog that wants to be taken for a walk,"

"And do you take him for a walk, dear?" asked Miss Marple. "To the pigsties, perhaps?"

haps?"
Lucy shot a keen glance at her.
"So many gentlemen in the going,"

"So many gentlemen in the house, coming and going," mused Miss Marple.

When Miss Marple uttered the word "gentlemen" she always gave it its full Victorian flavor—an echo from an era actually before her own time. You were conscious at once of dashing full-blooded (and probabily whiskered) males, sometimes wicked, but always gallant.

lant.
"You're such a handsome girl," pursued Miss Marple, appraising Lucy. "I expect they pay you a good deal of attention, don't they?"

Lucy flushed slightly. Scrappy Lucy flushed slightly. Scrappy remembrances passed across her mind. Cedric, leaning against the pigsty wall. Bryan sitting disconsolately on the kitchen table. Alfred's fingers touching hers as he helped her collect the coffee cups.

"Gentlemen," said Miss Marple, in the tone of one speaking of some alien and dangerous species, "are all very much alike in some ways—even if they are quite old

"Darling," cried Lucy. "A hundred years ago you would certainly have been burned as a witch!"

a witch!"
And she told her story of old Mr. Crackenthorpe's conditional proposal of marriage.
"In fact," said Lucy, "they've all made what you might call advances to me in a way. Harold's was very correct—an advantageous financial position in the city. I don't think it's my attractive appearance — they must think I know something."

must think I know something."
She laughed.
But Inspector Graddock did
not laugh.
"Be careful," he said. "They
might murder you instead of
making advances to you."
"I suppose it might be
simpler," Lucy agreed.
Then she gave a slight shiver.
"One forgets," she said. "The
boys have been having such fun
that one almost thought of it
all as a game. But it's not a
game."

"No," said Miss Marple.
"Murder isn't a game."
She was silent for a moment or two before she said:
"Don't the boys go back to school soon?"

"Yes, next week. They go tomorrow to James Stoddart-West's home for the last few days of the holidays."

"I'm glad of that," said Miss arple gravely, "I shouldn't Marple Marple gravely. "I shouldn't like anything to happen while they're there," "You mean to old Mr. Crack-

enthorpe. Do you think he's
going to be murdered next?"
"Oh, no," said Miss Marple.
"He'll be all right I meant
to the boys."
"To the boys?"
"Well, to Alexander."
"But surely—"
"Hunting about, you know—looking for clues. Boys love
that sort of thing—but it might
be very dangerous."

—looking for clues. Boys love that sort of thing—but it might be very dangerous."

Craddock looked at her thoughtfully.

"You're not prepared to believe, are you, Miss Marplethat it's a case of an unknown moman murdered by an unknown man? You tie it up definitely with Rutherford Hall?

"It think there's a definite connection, yes."

"All we know about the murderer is that he's a tall dark man. That's what your friend says and all she can say. There are three tall dark men at Rutherford Hall. On the day of the inquest, you know, came out to see the three brothers standing waiting on the pavement for the car to draw up. They had their backs to me and it was astonishing how in their heavy overcoats, they looked all alike. Three tall dark men. And yet, actually, they're all three quite different types. He sighed. "It makes it very difficult."

"I wonder," murmured Mis Marple. "I have been wondering—whether it might perhaps be all much simpler than wr suppose. Murders so often are quite simple—with an obvious rather sordid motive..."

"Do you believe in the mysterious Martine, Miss Marple."
"I'm quite ready to believe that Edmund Crackenthorpe either married, or meant to marry, a girl called Martine. Emma Crackenthorpe showed you his letter, I understand, and from what I've seen of her and from what Lucy tells me.

To page 37

"And could they?" "Harold could. Alfred couldn't—or wouldn't."

on, too.
"It takes time and patience



 Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners,

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

SOME time ago I had occasion to be away from home for three weeks, leaving my two young sons with my husband. While I was packing the younger lad remarked wistfully:

"I wish you had gone away a month ago, Mum.

Rather startled, I asked why.

"Because," he explained, "then you would have been home with us again by

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Lorna Griffin, "Yarrabah," Bundarra, N.S.W.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

CALLING on an elderly friend recently, I noticed a lone white rose in a vase close to her bed, and remarked upon it. She told me that she picked it because it reminded her of me. Then she continued:

fading now." £2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Berry, 14 Foster Street, St. Kilda, Vic.

"It was beautiful, dear, but it's

Send your entries to "The Nicest Com-pliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

From Corn of the richest grain, comes the richest flavour!



So crisp, delicious, satisfying-and Kellogg's Corn Flakes take only seconds to serve!

FULL OF ENERGY FROM THE SUN

Corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain. That's why corn tastes best. That's why corn is best. And that's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the most tempting and the most sustaining breakfast you could ever serve! Each big crisp, golden flake is packed with richer, deeper flavour... crammed with the kind of lasting energy every member of your family needs day after day. In fact, scientists say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as two big helpings of bacon and tomatoes.

Memo to Mothers: If anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's vou! So — make those crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes vour steady breakfast date, too.

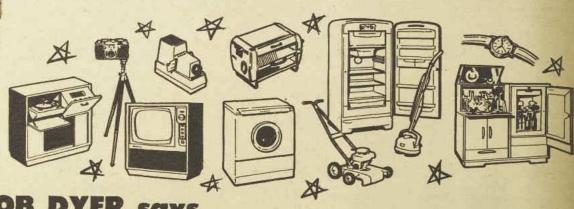




Hellogg's CORN FLAKES

Page 35

NOW YOU CAN "PICK-A-BOX" ATHOME



BOB DYER says

"You can win any of these prizes just sitting at home"

"PICK-A-BOX" CONTESTS

10 fabulous "Pick-a-Box" prizes in every contest It's free, easy and fun! Here's all you do!

Bob Dyer has secretly picked one of four numbered boxes-and the number of the box is locked in a vault of the Bank of New South Wales in Sydney. You have to tell which box of four boxes it is, mark the number on the entry form, write the last line for the simple jingle and send with a Palmolive Soap wrapper to "PALMOLIVE PICK-A-BOX," SYDNEY—that's all.

There will be 4 Contests over 8 weeks!

The 10 best entries in each Contest will each receive (in order of merit) one of these fabulous prizes:-

- A KIRBY Refrigerated Cocktail Cabinet.
 A PYE 21" CONSOLE TV RECEIVER.
 A BENDIX Gyromatic Fully Automatic Home Laundry.
 A CROSLEY Shelvador Refrigerator.
 A NEW "PYE-FI" RADIOGRAM.
 A HANIMEX Complete Colour Photography Outfit.

- graphy Outfit.
 7. A PYE-TECNICO "POWAMATIC" 18"

- A PYE-IEUNICO "POWAMATIC" 18Petrol Mower,
 A J. FARREN-PRICE "MOVADO" Fully
 Automatic Gent's Wristlet Watch,
 A SEMAK Broil Quick Infra-Red Cooker,
 A PYE-TECNICO "ROTOSHINE" Floor
 Polisher-Scrubber.

YOU CAN WIN THE GRAND PRIZE, AS WELL ... AN AUSTIN A-55 CAMBRIDGE SALOON

Each of the 10 prize-winning entries from each of the 4 contests automatically qualifies for this final Grand Prize. The one judged to be the best jingle will be the winner.

There is no limit to the number of entries you may send in for each contest and you may send in entries for each of the 4 contests.



Page 36

Doctors prove Palmolive Soap can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days

PALMOLIY

Read these simple rules and conditions

1. There will be 4 contests, numbered I to 4. For each contests, num-bered I to 4. For each contest Bob Dyer secretly picks a box. The number of the box is locked in a Bank of New South Wales vault in Sydney. Contest No. 1 opens Box" Radio Show on Saturday, 1st

The Grand Prize-winner will be announced on Saturday, 15th March.

(Prize-winners will also be notified by letter.)

2. Every entry will be opened and those correct will then be judged for originality and neatness in completing the Jingle.

3. You can use the entry form published in the newspapers, get an entry form from your favourite store—or use a plain sheet of paper. You may send in as many entries as you like for each contest.—and you may enter all 4 contests. Only one entry per envelope.

4. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

N.B. Wrappers are not required from contestants in any State where

N.B. Wrappers are not required from contestants in any State where their inclusion would contravene the law of that State.

CONTEST No. 1 CLIP OUT THIS FORM-ENTER NOW!

I think Bob has picked Box No. Now complete the last line of the Jingle; PALMOLIVE SOAP YOU WILL AGREE

(The fast word of your line must rhyme with agree)

FILL IN NAME AND ADDRESS IN SLOCK LETTERS ADDRESS

HAVE ENCLOSED A PALMOLIVE SOAP WRAPPER.

should say Emma Cracken-thorpe is quite incapable of making up a thing of that kind indeed, why should she?"

"So granted Martine," said Craddock thoughtfully, "there is a motive of a kind. Martine's reappearance with a son would diminish the Crackenthorpe in-heritance—though hardly to a point, one would think, to activate murder. They're all very hard up—"

"Even Harold?" Lucy de-inded incredulously.

manded increatulously.

"Even the prosperous-looking Harold Crackenthorpe is not the sober and conservative financier he appears to be. He's been plunging heavily and mixing himself up in some rather undesirable ventures. A large sum of money, soon, might avoid a crash."

"But if so—" said Lucy and

"But if so-" said Lucy, and

Yes, Miss Eyelesbarrow

"I know, dear," said Miss Marple. "The wrong murder, that's what you mean."

"Yes. Martine's death wouldn't do Harold—or any of the others—any good. Not until—"

"Not until Luther Crackenthorpe died. Exactly. That
occurred to me. And Mr.
Crackenthorpe, senior, I gather
from his doctor, is in much
better health than any outsider
would imagine."

"He'll last for years," said

"Yes?" Craddock spoke en-

"He was rather ill at Christmas-time," said Lucy.
"He said the doctor made a lot of fuss about it—'Anyone would have thought I'd been poisoned by the fuss be made.' That's what he said."

She looked

She looked inquiringly at Craddock.

"Yes," said Craddock.
"That's really what I want to
ask Dr. Quimper about."

Continuing 4.50 From Paddington

"Well, I must go," said Lucy.
"Heavens, it's late."

Miss Marple put down her knitting and picked up "The Times" with a half-done crossword puzzle.

"I wish I had a dictionary here," she murmured. "Tontine and Tokay—I always mix those two words up. One, I believe, is a Hungarian wine."
"That's Tokay," said Lucy.

"That's Tokay," said Lucy, looking back from the door. "But one's a five-letter word

Wuff, Smuff & Tuff

from page 34

the doctor came to him, looked tired and depressed.

He offered Craddock a drink and when the latter accepted he mixed one for himself as

'Poor devils," he said as he sank down in a worn easy-chair. "So scared and so stupid —no sense, Had a painful case this evening. Woman who

by TIM

FOR THE CHILDREN

Crackenthorpe was boasting of his health, saying he intended to outlive most of his family. He referred to you—you'll ex-cuse me, Doctor . ."

"Oh, don't mind me. I'm not

"Oh, don't mind me. I'm not sensitive as to what my patients say about me!"

"He spoke of you as an old fuss-pot." Quimper smiled. "He said you had asked him all sorts of questions, not only as to what he had eaten, but as to who prepared it and served it."

The doctor was not smiling "Go on."

"He used some such phrase as—'Talked as though he be-lieved someone had poisoned

There was a pause.
"Had you—any suspicion of at kind?"

Quimper did not answer at once. He got up and walked up and down. Finally, he wheeled around on Craddock.

"What the devil do you expect me to say? Do you think a doctor can go about flinging accusations of poisoning here and there without any real evidence?"

and there without any real evidence?"

"I'd like to know, off the record, if—that idea—did enter your head?"

Dr. Quimper said evasively:
"Old Crackenthorpe leads a fairly frugal life. When the family comes down, Emma steps up the food. Result—a nasty attack of gastro-enteritis. The symptoms were consistent with symptoms were consistent with that diagnosis." Craddock persisted. "I see. You were quite satis-

"I see. You were quite satisfied? You were not at all—shall we say—puzzled?"

"All right. All right. Yes. I was Yours Truly Puzzled! Does that please you?"

"It interests me," said Craddock. "What actually did you suspect—or fear?"

"Gastric cases wary of course."

suspect—or fear?"

"Gastric cases vary, of course, but there are certain indications that would have been, shall we say, more consistent with arsenical poisoning than with plain gastro-enteritis. Mind you, the two things are very much alike. Better men than myself have failed to recognise arsenical poisoning—and have given a certificate in all good faith."

"And what was the result of

"And what was the result of ur inquiries?"

your inquiries?"

"It seemed that what I suspected could not possibly be true. Mr. Crackenthorpe assured me that he had had similar attacks before I attended him—and from the same cause, he said. They had always taken place when there was too much rich food about."

"Which was when the house was full? With the family? Or guests?"

"Yes. That seemed reasonable enough. But frankly, Craddock, I wasn't happy. I went so far as to write to old Dr. Morris. He was my senior partner and retired soon after I joined him. Crackenthorpe was his patient originally. I asked about these earlier attacks that the old man had had."
"And what remember 212

"And what response did you get?"

Quimper grinned.

"I got a flea in the ear. I was more or less told not to be a fool. Well"—he shrugged his shoulders—"presumably I was a fool."

"I wonder." Craddock was

Then he decided to speak frankly.

"Throwing discretion aside, Doctor, there are people who stand to benefit pretty considerably from Luther Crackenthorpe's death." The doctor nodded, "He's an old man—and a hale and hearty one. He may live to be ninety-odd?"
"Easily. He spends his life

To page 38

and one's a seven. What's the "Oh, it wasn't in the cross-word," said Miss Marple vaguely. "It was in my head." Inspector Craddock looked at her very hard. Then he said goodbye and went. Craddock had to wait a few minutes while Quimper finished his evening surgery, and then

ought to have come to me a year ago. If she'd come then, year ago. she might year ago. If she'd come then, she might have been operated on successfully. Now it's too late. Makes me mad. The truth is people are an extra-ordinary mixture of heroism and cowardice. She's been suffering agony, and borne it without a word, just because she was too-scared to come and find out that what she feared might be true. true.

"At the other end of the scale are the people who come and waste my time because they've got a dangerous swelling causing them agony on their little finger which they think may be cancer and which turns out to be a common or garden chilblain! Well, don't mind me.

chibbian! Well, don't mind me.

I've blown off steam now. What
did you want to see me about?"

"First, I've got you to thank,
I believe, for advising Miss
Crackenthorpe to come to me
with the letter that purported
to be from her brother's
widow."

"Oh than? Applying in 182

widow."

"Oh, that? Anything in it?

I didn't exactly advise her to come. She wanted to. She was worried. All the dear little brothers were trying to hold her back, of course."

"Why should they?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

The d

shoulders.

"Afraid the lady might be proved genuine, I suppose."

"Do you think the letter was comme?"

"Do you think the letter was genuine?"

"No idea. Never actually saw it. I should say it was someone who knew the facts, just trying to make a touch. Hoping to work on Emma's feelings. They were dead wrong, there. Emma's no fool. She wouldn't when a suppose internal was no fool. take an unknown sister-in-law to her bosom without asking a few practical questions first."

He added with some curi-

"But why ask my views? I've got nothing to do with it."
"I really came to ask you something quite different—but I don't quite know how to put it."

Dr. Quimper looked inter-

ested.
"I understand that not long ago-at Christmas-time I think it was-Mr. Crackenthorpe had rather a bad turn of illness."

He saw a change at once in the doctor's face. It hardened. "Yes."

"I gather a gastric disturb-nce of some kind?" ance of some average "Yes."
"This is difficult . . . Mr.



Headaches go

You will find "Disprin" a much improved form of aspirin:

DISPRIM DISSOLVES. Disprin tablets dissolve quickly in water. This soluble form of aspirin naturally passes more rapidly into the bloodstream to relieve asia.

FAR LESS ACID. Disprin, being soluble and far less acid than ordinary aspirin and a.p.c., is far less likely to cause stomach

EASY TO TAKE. Disprin is palatable. Disprin tablets can be dissolved on the tongue, or swallowed, when no glass of water is at hand.

These are the reasons why Disprin is now recommended for the safe and rapid relief of headaches, feverishness, toothache, 'flu and rheumatic

Period pains. Disprin at such times is a real blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves are rapidly soothed.
Keep the flat pack of Disprin
in your handbag.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin



DISPRIN

dissolves pain quickly and safely

THE Australian Women's Weekly - January 22, 1958



TANS YOU FASTER

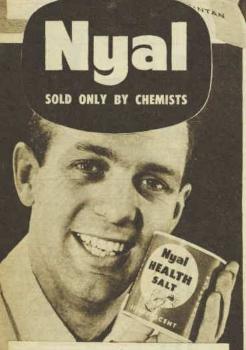
Here's welcome news for everyone who wants a glorious golden-brown suntan. Now, you can tan faster, safer, with Super Kwiktan...the newest, most modern suntan cream you can buy. For an even, burnfree suntan in next-to-no-time, you simply smooth on the rich cool cream. As it disappears into your skin, it leaves an invisible film of protection. Enables you to tan deeper, quicker, because you can sunbathe longer.

PROTECTS YOU LONGER

Super Kwiktan contains a scientific sunscreen which "filters out" the sun's burning rays...without stopping the funning rays. Because Super Kwiktan protects skin so well, the sun just can't "dry-out" natural oils. Your skin will stay soft and supple. Even those who normally avoid the sun can say "goodbye" to sunburn worries with Super Kwiktan's better protection.

Ask your chemist for new Super Kwiktan, and discover how easy it is to get a "super suntan quickly.

Super Kwiktan Cream 3'3, 5'-Sun Oil 4/9, 8/-Super Kwiktan



Enjoy Daily Good Health

Whenever nausea, sick headache, indigestion, heartburn or acid stomach make you feel below "par", enjoy a daily glass of NYAL Health Salt! Soon you'll feel really well again ... fit and active. NYAL Health Salt contains no harsh purgative. It is a mild, pleasant-tasting, effervescent laxative. Soothes upset stomachs and corrects digestive disorders. Economical 1/2 lb. air-tight tin ... 5/9

Nyal HEALTH SALT



ENSURES NO BURN - NO PEEL

NEW SUPER SUN CREAM

Have Whiter Teeth In 10 Days

SOOTHE TIRED EYES with NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' Eye Drops. Just 2 drops will bring relief from burning, itching, smarting. So simple;

so safe; so soothing! Blends perfectly with the eye's natural fluids ... adds sparkle and brightness! In unbreakable plastic dropper-container. 5/3 NYAL 'Decongestant EYE DROPS

> Bring that longed-for whiteness and brightness to your smile. Use "activated" NYAL Toothpaste. An instant-foaming, tasteless dental detergent helps remove all food parfilm and cigarette stains disappear too! Children, as well as adults, enjoy the lingering "mint" flavour of NYAL Toothpaste. Try it! Regular Size, 2/11; Economy Size, 3/11

Nyal TOOTHPASTE

N 40 WW7

Continuing 4.50 From Paddington from page 37

taking care of himself, and his constitution is sound

'And his sons—and daughter

"And his sons—and daughter—are all getting on, and they are all feeling the panch?"

"You leave Emma out of it. She's no poisoner. These attacks only happen when the others are there—not when she and he are alone."

"An elementary precaution—if she's the one," the Inspector thought, but was careful not to say aloud.

He paused, choosing his

say aloud.

He paused, choosing his words carefully.

"Surely — I'm ignorant in

"Surely — I'm ignorant in these matters—but supposing just as hypothesis that arsenic was administered — hasn't

was administered — hasn't Crackenthorpe been very lucky not to succumb?"
"Now there," said the doctor, "you have got something odd. It is exactly that fact that leads me to believe that I have been, as old Morris puts it, a fool. You see, it's obviously not a case of small doses of arsenic administered regularly arsenic administered regularly which is what you might call the classic method of arsenic

the classic method of arsenic poisoning.

"Crackenthorpe has never had any chronic gastric trouble. In a way, that's what makes these sudden violent attacks seem unlikely. So assuming they are not due to natural causes, it looks as though the poisoner is muffling it every time—which hardly makes sense."

which hardly makes sense."
"Giving an inadequate dose,

you mean?"
"Yes. On the other hand, Crackenthorpe's got a strong constitution and what might do in another man doesn't do him in. There's always personal

in. There's always personal idiosyncrasy to be reckoned with. But you'd think that by now the poisoner—unless he's unusually timid—would have stepped up the dose. Why hasn't he?

"That is," he added, "if there is a poisoner, which there probably isn't! Probably all my ruddy imagination from start

ruddy imagination from start to finish."

"It's an odd problem," the Inspector agreed. "It doesn't seem to make sense."

"Inspector Craddock!" The eager whisper made the

The eager whisper made the inspector jump.

He had been just on the point of ringing the front-door bell.

Alexander and his friend Stoddart-West emerged cautiously from the shadows.

"We heard your car, and we wanted to get hold of you."

"Well, let's come inside."

Craddock's hand went out to the doorbell again, but Alexander pulled at his coat with the eagerness of a pawing dog.

"We've found a clue," he breathed.

"Yes, we've found a clue,"

breathed.

"Yes, we've found a clue,"
Stoddart-West echoed.

"Damn that girl," thought
Craddock unaminably.
"Splendid," he said in a perfunctory manner. "Let's go functory manner. "Let's go inside the house and look at

"No." Alexander was insistent. "Someone's sure to interrupt. Come to the harnessroom. We'll guide you."

Somewhat unwillingly, Craddock allowed himself to be guided round the corner of the house and along to the stable yard. Stoddart-West pushed open, a beauty door stretched open a heavy door, stretched up, and turned on a rather feeble electric light.

The harness-room, once the acme of Victorian spit and polish, was now the sad repository of everything that no one wanted. Broken garden chairs, rusted old garden implements, a vast decrepit mowing-machine, rusted spring mattresses, hammocks, and disintegrated tennis nets.

"We come here a good deal," said Alexander. "One can really be private here."

There were certain tokens of occupancy about. The decayed mattresses had been piled up to make a kind of divan, there was an old rusted table on which reposed a large tin of chocolar-biscuits, there was a board of apples, a tin of toffee, and a jig-saw puzzle.

"It really is a clue, sir," said Stoddart-West cagerly, his eyes gleaming behind his spectacles. "We found it this afternoon." "We've been hunting for days. In the bushes—" "And inside hollow trees—"

we've been nutting for days. In the bushes—"
"And inside hollow trees—"
"And we went through the ash bins—"

ash bins—"
"There were some jolly interesting things there, as a matter of fact—"
"And then we went into the

"And then we went into the boiler-house—"
"Old Hillman keeps a great galvanised tub there full of waste paper—"
"For when the boiler goes out and he wants to start it again—"

"Any odd paper that's blow-ing about. He picks it up and shoves it in there—" "And that's where we found

"Found WHAT?" Craddork interrupted the duet. "The clue. Careful, Stod-ders, get your gloves on."

IMPORTANTLY. MPORTANTLY.
Stoddart-West, in the best detective-story tradition, drew on a pair of rather dirty glove and took from his pocket a photographic folder. From this he extracted in his gloved fingers with the utmost care a soiled and crumpled envelope which he handed to the inspector.

spector.

Both boys held their breath in excitement.

Craddock took it with due solemnity. He liked the boys, and he was ready to enter into the spirit of the thing.

The letter had been through the post, there was no enclosure inside it, it was just a torn envelope—addressed to Mrs. Martine Crackenthorpe, 126 Elvers Crescent, N.10.

Crescent, N.10.

"You see?" said Alexander breathlessly. "It shows she was here—Uncle Edmund's French wife, I mean—the one there's at the fuss about. She must have actually been here and dropped it somewhere. So it looks, doesn't it—"

Stoddart-West broke in:

looks, doesn't it—"
Stoddart-West broke in:
"It looks as though she was
the one who got murdered—I
mean, don't you think, sir, that
it simply must have been her
in the sarcophagus?"
They waited anxiously.
Craddock played up.
"Possible, very possible," he
said.

said.
"This is important, isn't it?"
"You'll test it for fingerprints,
won't you, sir?"
"Of course," said Craddock.
Stoddart-West gave a deep

"Smashing luck for us, wasn't it?" he said. "On our last day,

"Yes," said Alexander. "I'm going to Stodders' place tomorrow for the last few days of the holidays. Stodders' people have got a smashing house—Queen Anne, isn't it?"

"William and Mary," said Stoddart-West.
"I two the sour mother said

"I thought your mother said

"Mum's French. She doesn't really know about English ar-chitecture."

But your father said it was

Craddock was examining the

envelope. Clever of Lucy Eyelesbarrow. How had she managed to fake

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958

Here's answer

 When you are a teenager and very unhappy, life is desperate. If you can get through the desperation stage you may find an indication that things will improve; if you can't there are steps that can be taken.

HERE is a letter from a very young girl that

illustrates what I mean:

"I am 14 years old, and live
in a country town. I have
been quite troublesome in the
past and made a few bad
mistakes. I have tried to make
up for this, but it is too late. up for this, but it is too late.
My parents no longer want me,
I wondered if I could get a
full-time job and board at a
boarding-house or somewhere
in the town, as we live a fair
way out. I can't stand staying with my parents any longer. Do you think I am too young? Please help me. I mean, is it legal, or could I

get permission from a court to do this? Please help me, I am desperate."
"Tearful Teenager," Vic.

Legally you can't leave home before you are 16, and I don't think a court would give you permission to do so,

I cannot give you any real advice because I don't know the whole story or your parents' side of the matter. I think you should go to see the Chamber Magistrate in your town, or visit the Child Welfare Department and rell fare Department, and tell them your troubles. They'll give you real help.

You'll find the Chamber Magistrate at the local Clerk of Petty Sessions Office, which is generally at the police station or near the courthouse,

A visit to a Chamber Magistrate does not involve you in any dealings with the police it is confidential and extremely helpful, for he can tell you your exact legal position and what assistance may be available to make you happier. Ex-actly the same applies to the Child Welfare Department; you'll find them in the phone book or through your school-

If your teacher is asked and

LOUISE HUNTER

told enough of your problem to realise how serious it is, he will request a Child Wel-Officer to get in touch

"FOR the past few months
I have been going with
a boy. For Christmas he gave
me a lovely but quite expensive gift of jewellery. I gave
him a tie. He says that he
loves me, but as I only like
him I know I will have to
break it off some time, perhaps
soon. Should I give his gift
back when I break it off?
What if he does not want it
hack? Also what happens if
he broke it off instead of me?" back? Also what happens if he broke it off instead of me?"

"Wondering," Vic. think engagement rings should always be returned if an engagement is broken by either party, but a Christmas gift seems to me to be quite different. They are given without any supercharged emotion behind them, as was the case when you gave your gift to the young man you're not so keen on.

Why tarnish the original giving by even thinking of returning such a gift or of ask-ing for one back?

Of course, if you are ever asked to return a Christmas gift, or any gift, do so in double-quick time.

The situation you suggest with your problem intrigues me. Just imagine if every romantic attachment ended with the return of presents.

However would we get rid of them? What would you do with that second-hand tie?

IN the past six or seven weeks I have been getting weeks I have been getting a lot of varicose veins in my legs. They seem to be spreading from the top of both my legs down to my knees. I am only 16, and this is worrying me. I am a shop assistant, so I can't keep off my feet. Would my fair complexion have anything to do with these veins?"

N.W., Vic.

The only person who can help you is a doctor. You should see one as soon as you

"I HAVE been going steady with a boy of 24, and I liked him very much, but he does not seem to care much for me. The other day when I was in town I met a nice boy with red hair and blue

eyes. He says he loves me a lot. Do you think I should stay with the other boy or go with the red-haired one? I am 21, black-haired, ar brown-eyed. What shall

R.G., N.S.W.

W about being a busy little woman in the kitchen today? You can turn out a batch of

the mightiest Cherry Crunch biscuits in next to no

the mightiest Cherry Crunch biscuits in next to no time, and without any cooking.

Here's how: Melt 6oz. butter or shortening. To it add 4oz. icing sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 table-spoon arrowroot, all sitted together. To this add 4lb. of crushed coffee or arrowroot biscuits, 4lb. chopped glace cherries, 1 egg, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix all these ingredients together thoroughly, press into a tin lined with greaseproof paper, sprinkle with chonned walnuts.

chopped walnuts.

Set in refrigerator. When firm, cut into squares

Here's a recipe for some Rocky Road icing, too, that will turn a plain cake into a dream. Grate 4oz. milk chocolate and melt slowly over warm water.

Cut 40z. marshmallows into quarters, stir into chocolate with a few drops of vanilla essence. Spread quickly over cake, and top with two tablespoons of chopped walnuts.

Who are you kidding? Not me. I think you should curl up with a book and stop writing fairy-tales.

"HOW do I apply for an air-hostess job, and what are the necessary qualifications?" Inquirer, N.S.W.

Make application to the peronnel officer, Mascot, N.S.W., of whichever airline you prefer. You must be between 21 and 27; maximum height 5ft. 6in; maximum weight 9 stone; must have Intermediate Certificate or its equivalent, a first-aid or home-nursing cer-tificate, good health, appear-ance, and personality.

DISC DIGEST************** ******

INDICATIVE of people seeking an escape from reality is the trend to revive former times. It's happening in music, too, as is shown by the craze for tunes of the '20s played in the style of that era. Now we seem to be delving back even farther as more and more turnof-the-creatury return-of-the-century records appear.

Frankly, I like the old tunes, and consequently found most entertaining two new LPs — "Life of the Party" "Life of the Party"
(WDL3001) and "Bridey
O'Toole and Her Singin'
Lads" (OCLP.7516). The former really lives up to its name song, this is one disc you must have.

discs I've heard. All of the 22 tunes were recorded directly

The other disc also evokes the gay spirit of the '90s and

from a mechanical piano. Ever since Walt Disney installed a pianola as one of the attractions at his fun fair,

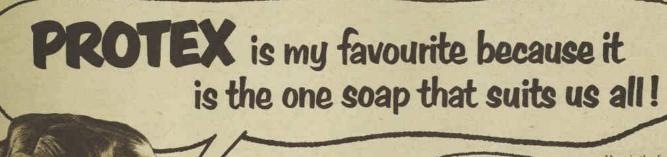
Disneyland, the player piano has been enjoying a boom in the States. People flock to see the States. People fle and hear these relics.

This jolly disc is part of the vival. You'll hear on the revival. You'll hear on the tinkling piano such perennials as "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," "Merry Oldsmobile," "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," "Annie Rooney," "After the Ball," and "The Band Played On." If you enjoy a good, old-fashioned singsong, this is one disc you must have.

early 1900s. Bridey is the wife of honky-tonk pianist Knuckles O'Toole, a girl with an unin-hibited flair for this type of "period music." She hams the er-sentimental songs, such as She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Snes Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," in a delicious tongue-in-cheek style, but can also burst forth on rousers like "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay" and "I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid." Her sense of humor also shows through in "Waiting at the Church.

Others tracks are "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," "Do It Again," "Put Your Arms Around me, Honey," and "Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

BERNARD FLETCHER



Mother loves it because it is mild enough for even my sensitive skin

Mother knows best that's why she buys Protex for the whole family

Here is the favourite family soap that is medicated to guard the skin against blemishes and odour causing bacteria. Protex contains a blend of antiseptic oils that creams into a rich, mild lather to make your skin cleaner, clearer.

Daily use of Protex promises the family day-long freshness and continuous skin protection.

BUY THE BIG

DID YOU PROTEX YOURSELF THIS MORNING?

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - January 22, 1958

TRAGEDY AND LOVE IN "PEYTON PLACE"



★ With a large cast of young players, "Peyton Place" tells the story of a group of boys and girls growing up in a small New England town before the outbreak of World War II.

Adapted from the controversial Grace Metalious novel, the 20th Century-Fox film makes an honest attempt to record the effect of the young people's problems on themselves, their friends, and the town.

The task of guiding the performances of the large cast was given by top-line producer Jerry Wald to Mark Robson, a former film-cutter and now one of Holly. wood's younger directors.

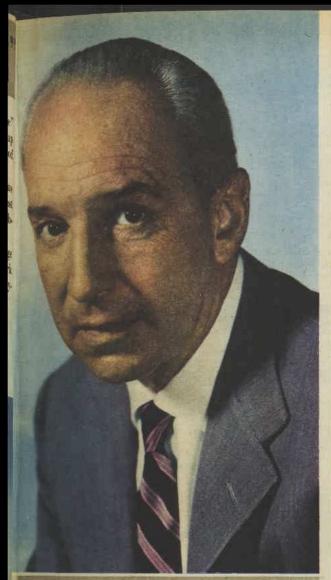
FILM FAN-FARE



ALLISON MacKENZIE (left), teenage daughter of one of Peyton Place's "best families," who learns the shattering news that she is illegitimate. This is 18-year-old Diane Varsi's first appearance in motion pictures.

NORMAN PAGE (above), the introspective, mother-dominated schoolfriend with whom Allison exchanges her first shy, experimental kiss. Russ Tamblyn, youthful film veteranplays the part of Norman.

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"DOC" MATTHEW
SWAIN (above), the
best-loved man in Peyton
Place and the keeper of
Selena Cross' secret.
Played by Lloyd Nolan.

SELENA CROSS (right), the tragic, under-privileged girl whose plight reunites Allison with her estranged mother. Selena is played by Hope Lange.





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BETTY ANDERSON (left), the "jast" girl who marries Rodney Harrington, wealthy heir to the Harrington mills. Terry Moore and Barry Coe play these two roles.

MICHAEL ROSSI (above), the new high-school teacher who brings romance back to the life of widowed Constance MacKensie. Played by Lee Phillips and Lana Turner.

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Continuing ... 4.50 From

Paddington

from page 38

the postmark? He peered closely, but the light was too feeble. Great fun for the boys, of course, but rather awkward for him. Lucy, drat her, hadn't considered that angle. If this were genuine it would enforce a course of action. There...

Beside him a learned architectural argument was being hotly pursued. He was deaf to

"Come on, boys," he said, "we'll go into the house. You've been very helpful."

been very helpful."

Craddock was escorted by the boys through the back door into the house. This was, it seemed, their common mode of entrance. The kitchen was bright and cheerful Lucy, in a large white apron, was rolling out pastry. Leaning against the dressry, watching her with a kind of dog-like attention, was Bryan Eastley. With one hand he tugged at his large fair moustache. "Hallo, Dad." said Alexander.

"Hallo, Dad," said Alexander idly. "You out here again?"

"I like it out here," said Bryan, and added: "Miss Eyelesbarrow doesn't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Lucy. "Good evening, Inspec-tor Craddock."

"Coming to detect in the kit-chen?" asked Bryan with in-

terest.
"Not exactly Mr. Cedric Crackenthorpe is still here, isn't

"Oh, yes, Cedric's here. Do you want him?"

"I'd like a word with him-yes, please."
"I'll go and see if he's in," said Bryan. "He may have gone round to the local."

He unpropped himself from

He unpropped himself from the dresser. "Thank you so much." said Lucy to him. "My hands are all over flour or I'd go." "What are you making?" asked Stoddart-West anxiously. "Peach flan."

"Peach flan."
"Good-oh," said Stoddart-

"Is it nearly supper-time?" asked Alexander.

asked Alexander.
"No."
"Gosh! I'm terribly hungry."
"There's the end of the ginger cake in the larder."
The boys made a concerted rush and collided in the door.
"They're just like locusts," said Lucy.
"My congratulations to you," said Craddock.
"What on—exactly?"
"Your ingenuity—over this!"
"Over what?"
"Over what?"
"Craddock indicated the folder containing the letter.
"Very nicely done," he said.
"What are you talking about?"
"This you done in the like in the said."

about?"
"This, my dear girl—this."
He half-drew it out.
She stared at him uncomprehendingly.
Craddock felt suddenly

"Didn't you fake this che
and put it in the boiler
room for the boys to find?
Quick—tell me."

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about." said Lucy. "Do you mean that—?"

Craddock slipped the folder quickly back in his pocket as Bryan returned. "Cedric's in the fibrary," he said. "Go on in."

He resumed his place on the dresser. Inspector Craddock went to the library. Cedric Crackenthorpe seemed delighted to see the inspector.

"Doing a spot more sleuthing down here?" he asked.
"Got any further?"
"I think I can say we are
a little further on, Mr.
Crackenthorpe."
"Found out who the corpse
was?"

"We've not got a definite identification, but we have a fairly shrewd idea."
"Good for you."
"Arising out of our latest information, we want to get a few statements. I'm starting with you, Mr. Crackenthorpe, as you're on the spot."
"I shan't be much longer.

"I shan't be much longer. I'm going back to Iviza in a day or two."

"Then I seem to be just in rime." "Go ahead."

"I should like a detailed account, please, of exactly where you were and what you were doing on Friday, December 20."

Cedric shot a quick glance at him. Then he leaned back, yawned, assumed an air of great nonchalance, and ap-peared to be lost in the effort of remembrance.

of remembrance.

"Well, as I've already told you, I was in Iviza. Trouble is, one day there is so like another. Painting in the morning, siesta from three p.m. to five. Perhaps a spot of sketching if the light's suitable. Then an aperitif, sometimes with the Mayor, sometimes with the doctor, at the cafe in the Piazza. After that some kind of scratch meal. Most of the evening in Scotty's Bar with some of my lower-class friends. Will that do you?"

"I'd rather have the truth,

"I'd rather have the truth, Mr. Crackenthorpe." Cedric sat

"That's a most offensive re-mark, Inspector."

"Do you think so? You told me, Mr. Grackenthorpe, that you left Iviza on December 21 and arrived in England that same day?"

"So I did. Em! Hi, Em!"

EMMA CRACK-ENTHORPE came through the adjoining door from the small morning-room. She looked inquiringly from Cedric to the inspector.

"Look here, Em. I arrived here for Christmas on the Saturday before, didn't I? Game straight from the airport?"

"Yes," said Emma wonderingly. "You got here about lunchtime."

"There you are," said Cedric to the inspector.

"There you are," said Cedric to the inspector.

"You must think us very foolish, Mr. Crackenthorpe," said Craddock pleasantly. "We can check on these things, you know. I think, if you'll show me your passport—"

He paused expectantly.
"Can't find the damned thing," said Cedric. "Was looking for it this morning."

"I think you could find it, Mr. Crackenthorpe. But it's not really necessary. The records show that you actually entered this country on the evening of December 19. Perhaps you will now account to evening of December 19. Per-haps you will now account to me for your movements be-tween that time until lunch-time on December 21 when you arrived here."

Cedric looked very cross in-

Cedric looked very cross in-deed.

"That's the worst of life nowadays," he said angrily. "All this red tape and form-filling. That's what comes of a bureau-cratic State. Can't go where you like and do as you please any more Somebody's always asking questions. What's all this fuss about the 20th, anyway? What's special about the 20th?"

"It happens to be the day

What's special about the 20th?

"It happens to be the day
we believe the murder was
committed. You can refuse to
answer, of course, but—"

"Who says I refuse to
answer? Give a chap time. And
you were vague enough about
the date of the murder at the

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INFORMED by an anonymous phone caller that a bomb is hidden in an incoming airliner, police search the plane, discover the live bomb, and detonate it while TV cameras record the scene.



WATCHING the telecast, TV mechanic Mason realises that the bomb can only be his invention. It was to have been submitted to the forces by an old wartime friend, Steiger



* The M.G.M. suspense thriller "Cry Terror" teams for the first time James Mason and Inger Stevens as a husband and wife forced into a fantastic extertionist plot to blow up an airliner.

Rod Steiger has another of his fullblooded meanie roles as the one-time friend who turns maniac outlaw. A child part is played by five-year-old Terry Ann Ross, with Neville Brand in a supporting role.

Steiger visits Inger and Mason, and at gunpoint tells them of his plan to blackmail the airline by threatening to plant another bomb if they don't meet his demands.

RIGHT, Forced to join Steiger's accomplices in his apartment, the terrified couple are threatened with the death of their child unless Inger carries out orders to collect the money.



ABOVE. Suspecting the FBI are closing in on them, one of Steiger's men at-tacks Inger, who, in a battle for life, kills him.

RIGHT. During pursuit of Inger through a subway station, Steiger fails to see an oncoming train, and falls to his death.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - January 22, 19

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quest. What's turned up new

inquest viiince then?"
Craddock did not reply.
Cedric said, with a sidelong glance at Emma:
"Shall we go into the other

Emma said quickly: "I'll leave you." At the door, she pursed and turned.

o'This is serious, you know, Gedric. If the 20th was the day of the murder, then you must tell Inspector Craddock exactly what you were doing." She went through into the next room and closed the door behind her.

behind her.

"Good old Em." said Cedric.

"Well, here goes. Yes, I left
Iviza on the 19th all right.
Planned to break the journey
in Paris, and spend a couple of
days routing up some old
friends on the Left Bank. But,
as a matter of fact, there was very attractive woman on the

plane Quite a dish.
"To put it plainly, she and
I got off together. She was on
her way to the States, had
to spend a couple of nights in
London to see about some

4.50 From Paddington Continuing

business or other. We got to London on the 19th. We stayed at the Kingsway Palace in case your spies haven't found that out yet! Called myself John Brown—never does to use your own name on these occasions."

"And on the 20th?"

Cedric made a grimace.

"Morning pretty well occu-d by a terrific hangover."

pied by a terrific hangover."

"And the afternoon, From three o'clock onwards?"

"Let me see. Well, I mooned about, as you might say. Went into the National Gallery—that's respectable enough, Saw a film 'Rowenna of the Range.' I've always had a passion for Westerns. This was a corker.

Then a drink or two in the bar and bit of a sleep in my room, and out about ten o'clock with the girl-friend and a round of various hot spots—can't even remember most of their names—Jumping Frog was one, I think. She knew 'em all. Got pretty well plastered

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and, to tell you the truth, don't remember much more till I woke up the next morning— with an even worse hangover.

with an even worse hangover.

"Girl-friend hopped off to
catch her plane and I poured
cold water over my head, got
a chemist to give me a devil's
brew, and then started off for
this place, pretending I'd just
arrived at Heathrow. No need
to upset Emma, I thought. You
know what women are—always
hurt if you don't come straight
home. I had to borrow money
from her to pay the taxi. I was home. I had to borrow money from her to pay the taxi. I was completely cleaned out. No use asking the old man. He'd never cough up. Mean old brute. Well, Inspector, satis-fied?"

"Can any of this be sub-stantiated, Mr. Crackenthorpe? Say, betwen 3 p.m. and 7

"Most unlikely, I should think," said Cedric cheerfully. "National Gallery where the attendants look at you with lack-lustre eyes and a crowded picture house. No, not likely."

She held a small engagement book in her hand.

"You want to know what everyone was doing on Decem-ber 20, is that right, Inspector Craddock?"

"Well—cr—yes, Miss Grack-enthorpe."

"I have just been looking in my engagement book. On the 20th I went into Brackhampton to attend a meeting of the Church Restoration Fund. That finished about a quarter to one and I lunched with Lady Ading-ton and Miss Bartlett who were ton and Miss Bartlett who were also on the committee, at the Cadena Cafe. After lunch I did some shopping, stores for Christmas, and also Christmas presents. I went to Greenford's and Lyall and Swift's, Boots', and probably several other shops. I had tea about a quarter to five in the Shamrock Tea Rooms and then went to the station to meet Bryan, who was station to meet Bryan, who was coming by train.

"I got home about six o'clock and found my father in a very bad temper. I had left lunch ready for him, but Mrs. Hart, was to come in the after who was to come in the after-noon and give him his tea, had not arrived. He was so angry that he had shut himself in his room and would not let me in or speak to me. He does not like my going out in the after-noon, but I make a point of doing so now and then."

"You're probably wise. Thank

"You're probably wise. Thank u., Miss Crackenthorpe."

He could hardly tell her that as she was a woman, height five foot seven, her movements that afternoon were of no great im-portance. Instead he said:

"Your other two brothers came down later, I under-stand?"

stand?"
"Alfred came down late on Saturday evening. He tells me he tried to ring me on the telephone the afternoon I was out—but my father, if he is upset, will never answer the telephone. My brother Harold did not come down until Christmas come down until Christmas Eve." "Thank you, Miss Cracken-

"I suppose I musn't ask"— she hesitated—"what has come up new that prompts these in-

Craddock took the folder from his pocket. Using the tips of his fingers, he extracted the

of his ingers, he extracted the envelope.

"Don't touch it, please, but do you recognise this?"

"But "Emma stared at him, bewildered. "That's my handwriting. That's the letter I wrote to Martine."

"I thought it might be."

"But how did you get it?
Did she—? Have you found her?"

"It would seem possible that we have — found her. This empty envelope was found

here."
"In the house?"

"In the nouse?
"In the grounds."
"Then — she did come here!
She . . You mean — it was
Martine there — in the sarcophagus?"
"It would seem very likely.
Miss Crackenthorpe," said

Miss Grackeninorpe,
Craddock gently.

It seemed even more likely
when he got back to town. A message was awaiting him from Armand Dessin.

"One of the girl-friends has had a postcard from Anna Stravinska. Apparently the cruise story was true! She has reached Jamaica and is having, in your phrase, a wonder-ful time!"

Craddock crumpled up the message and threw it into the wastepaper basket.

"I must say," said Alexander, sitting up in bed, thoughtfully consuming a chorolate bar, "that this has been the most smashing day ever. Actually finding a real clue!" clue!"
His voice was awed.

"In fact the whole holidays have been smashing," he added happily. "I don't suppose such a thing will ever happen

a thing will ever happen again."

"I hope it won't happen again to me." said Lucy, who was on her knees packing Alexander's clothes into a suitcase. "Do you want all this space fiction with you?"

"Not those two top ones. I've read them. The football and my football boots, and the gum-boots can gos separately."
"What difficult things you boys do travel with."
"It won't matter. They're

"It won't matter. They're sending the Rolls for us. They've got a smashing Rolls. They've got one of the new Mercedes-Benzes, too."
"They must be rich."
"Rolling! Jolly nice, too. All the same. I rather wish we weren't leaving here. Another body might turn up."
"I sincerely hope not."

"I sincerely hope not."
"Well, it often does in books.
I mean somebody who's seen something or heard something gets done in, too. It might be you," he added, unrolling a second chocolate bar.
"Thank you!"

"I don't want it to be you,"
Alexander assured her. "I like you very much and so does Stodders. We think you're out of this world as a cook. Absolutely lovely grub. You're very sensible, too."

This less are already.

This last was clearly an expression of high approval. Lucy took it as such, and said: "Thank you. But I don't intend to get killed just to please you."

"Well, you'd better be care-Alexander told her

He paused to consume more a slightly offhand voice:

"If Dad turns up from time to time, you'll look after him, won't you?"

Yes, of course," said Lucy. a little surprised.

"The trouble with Dad is,"
Alexander informed her, "that
London life doesn't suit him.
He gets in, you know, with
quite the wrong type of
women." He shook his head in worried manner

a worried manner.

"I'm very lond of him," he added, "but he needs someone to look after him. He drifts about and gets in with the wrong people. It's a great pity Mum died when she did. Bryan needs a proper home life."

He looked solved to be a looked to be a l

He looked solemnly at Lucy ad reached out for another socolate bar.

"Not a fourth one, Alexander," Lucy pleaded. "You'll be sick."

Oh, I don't think so. six running once and I wasn I'm not the bilious type." I paused and then said:

"Bryan likes you, you know."
"That's very nice of him."

"He's a bit of an ass in some "He's a bit of an ass in some ways," said Bryan's son, "but he was a jolly good fighter-pilot. He's awfully brave. And he's awfully good-natured."

He paused. Then, averting his eyes to the ceiling, he said rather self-consciously.

"I think, really, you know, it would be a good thing if he married again . . . Somebody decent . . . I shouldn't, my self, mind at all having a step-mother . . . not, I mean, if she was a decent sort . . . "

With a sense of shock Lucy realised that there was a definite point in Alexander's conversa-

point in Alexander's conversa-tion.

"All this stepmother bosh,"
went on Alexander, still ad-dressing the ceiling, "is really quite out of date. Lots of chaps Stodders and I know have step-mothers—divorce and all that —and they got on quite well

together. Depends on the stepmother, of course. And, of course, it does make a bit of confusion taking you out and on Sports Day, and all that. I mean, if there are two sets of parents. Though again it helps you want to cash in!

He paused, confronted with the problems of modern life.
"It's nicest to have your own
home and your own parents—
but if your mother's dead—well, you see what I mean? If she's a decent sort," said Alexander for the third time.

Lucy felt touched.

"I think you're very sensible, Alexander," she said, "We must try to find a nice wife for your

"Yes," said Alexander non-committally.

He added in an offhand man-

ner:
"I thought I'd just mention it. Bryan likes you very much. He told me so . . ."

"Really," thought Lucy to

To page 44



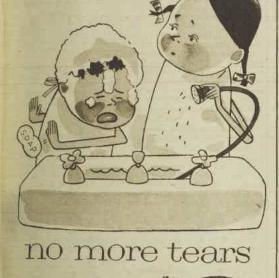
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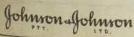


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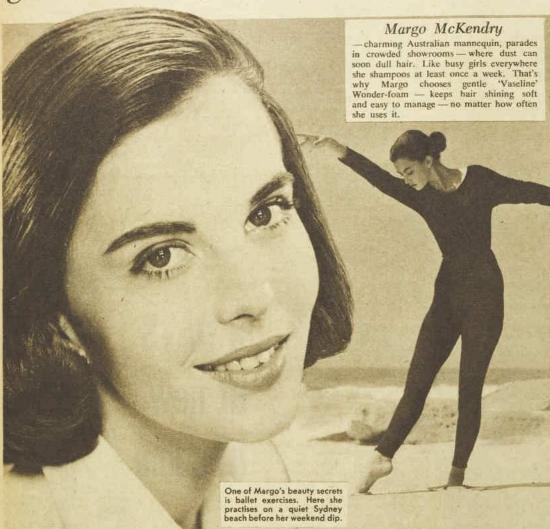




THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958

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Continuing 4.50 From

Paddington

matchmaking round here. First Miss Marple and now Alexan-

ander!"
For some reason or other, pigsties came into her mind.
She stood up.
"Good - night, Alexander.
There will be only your washing things and pyjamas to put in in the morning. Good-night,"
"Good-night," said Alexander. He slid down in bed, laid his head on the pillow, closed his eyes, giving a perfect picture of a sleeping angel; and was immediately asleep.

"Not what you'd call con-clusive," said Sergeant Wether-all with his usual gloom. Craddock was reading through the report on Harold Crackenthorpe's alibi for De-cember 20.

Crackentinope's also for De-cember 20.

He had been noticed at Sothe-by's about three-thirty, but was thought to have left shortly after that. His photograph had not been recognised at Russell's teashop, but as they did a busy trade there at teatime, and he was not an habitue, that was hardly surprising. His man-servant confirmed that he had returned to Cardigan Gardens to dress for his dinner-party at a quarter to seven—rather late, since the dinner was at seven-thirty, and Mr. Grackenthorpe had been somewhat irritable in consequence.

Did not remember hearing

consequence.

Did not remember hearing him come in that evening, but, as it was some time ago, could not remember accurately, and, in any case, he frequently did not hear Mr. Crackenthorpecome in. He and his wife liked to reirre early whenever they could. The garage in the mews where Harold kept his car was a private lock-up that he rented, and there was no one to notice who came or went or any reason to remember one evening in particular. in particular.

in particular.

"All negative," said Graddock
with a sigh.

"He was at the Caterers'
Dinner all right, but left rather
early before the end of the
speeches."

"What about the railway
stations?"

Stations?"
But there was nothing there, either at Brackhampton or at Paddington. It was nearly four weeks ago, and it was highly unlikely that anything would have been remembered.

have been remembered.

Craddock sighed, and stretched out his hand for the data on Cedric. That again was negative, though a taxidriver had made a doubtful recognition of having taken a fare to Paddington that day some time in the afternoon "what looked something like that bloke. Dirty trousers and a shock of hair. Cussed and swore a bit because fares had gone up since he was last in England."

He identified the day because a horse called Crawler had won

a horse called Crawler had won the two-thirty and he'd had a tidy bit on. Just after drop-ping the gent he'd heard it on the radio in his cab and had gone home forthwith to cele-hrate.

gone home forthwish brate. "Thank God for racing!" said Craddock, and put the report

"And here's Alfred," said Sergeant Wetherall.

Sergeant Wetherall.

Some nuance in his voice made Craddock look up sharply. Wetherall had the pleased appearance of a man who has kept a tibit until the end.

In the main the check was unsatisfactory. Alfred lived in his flat, and came and went at unspecified times. His neighbors were not the inquisitive kind, and were in any case office workers who were out all day. But towards the end of the report, Wetherall's large

finger indicated the final paragraph.

Sergeant Leakie, assigned to a case of thefts from lorde, had been at the Load of Brick, a lorry pull-up on the Waddington-Brackhampton Road, keping certain lorry-driver under observation. He had noticed at an adjoining table Chick Evans, one of the Dicky Rogen mob. With him had been Allited Crackenthorpe, whom he knew by sight, having seen him give evidence in the Dicky Rogers case. He'd wondered what they were cooking up together. Time, 9.30 p.m., Friday, December 20. Alfred Crackenthorpe had boarded a bus a few minutes later, going in the direction of Brackhampton.

William Baker, ticket collections

William Baker, ticket coller William Baker, ticket collector at Brackhampton states, had clipped ticket of gentleman whom he recognised by sight as one of Miss Crackenthorpe's brothers, just before departure of eleven-fifty-five train for Paddington. Remembers day, as there had been story of some batty old lady who awore she had seen somelody murdered in a train that afternoon.

"Alfred?" said Craddock as he laid the report down. "Alf-red? I wonder."
"Puts him right on the spot, there," Wetherall pointed out.

ded. Yes, Alfred could have travelled down by the four-thirty-three to Brackhampton, committing murder on the way. Then he could have gone out by bus to the Load of Bricks. He could have left there at nine-thirty and would have had plenty of time to go to Rutherford Hall, move the body from the embankment to the sarcy-phagus, and get into Brack-hampton in time to catch the 11.55 back to London. One of the Dick Rogers gang might even have helped him move the body, though Craddock doubted this. An umpleasant lot, but not killers.

"Alfred?" he repeated speculatively.

speculatively.

At Rutherford Hall there had been a gathering of the Crackenthorpe family. Harold and Alfred had come down from London and very soon voices were raised and temper were running high.

On her companying the companying

were running high.

On her own initiative, Lucmixed cocktails in a jug with
ice and took them towards the
library. The voices soundeclearly in the hall, and ioncated that a good deal of
acrimony was being directed
towards Emma.

"Entirely your fault Emma"

"Entirely your fault, Emma.

"Entirely your fault, Emma.

Harold's deep bass voice rang out angrily. "How you could be so short-sighted and foolish beats me. If you hadn't taken that letter to Scotland yardand started all this."

Alfand higher pitched.

and started all this—"
Alfred's higher pitched voice said, "You must have been out of your senses!
"Now don't bully her," said Cedric. "What's done is done. Much more fishy it they'd identified the woman as the missing Martine and we'd all kept mum about having heard from her."

"It's all very well for you,"

"It's all very well for you, Cedric," said Harold angril, "You were out of the countr on the 20th, which seems to ke the day they are inquiries about. But it's very embarrasing for Alfred and myel. Fortunately, I can remember where I was that afternoon and what I was doing."

"I bet you can," said Alfred "If you'd arranged a murder.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - January 22, 1958

Harold, you'd arrange you alibi very carefully, I'm sure." "I gather you are not so rtunate," said Harold coldly.

"That depends," said Alfred.
"Anything's better than presenting a cast-iron alibi to the
police if it in't really cast
iron. They're so clever at breaking these things down."

'H you are insinuating that | killed the woman-"

"Oh, do stop, all of you," cried Emma, "Of course none of you killed the woman." "And just for your information, I wasn't out of England on the 20th," said Cedric. "And the police are wise to it! So we're all under suspicion."

it hadn't been for

"Oh, don't begin Harold," cried Emma.

Br. Quimper came out of the study where he had been closeted with old Mr. Cracken-thorpe. His eye fell on the jug in Lucy's hand.

What's this? A cele-

what's

"What's this? A celebration?"

"More in the nature of oil on roubled waters. They're at it hammer and tongs in there."

"Recriminations?"

"Mostly abusing Emma."

Dr. Quimper's eyebrows rose.
"Indeed?" He took the jug from Lucy's hand, opened the library door and went in.

"Good evening."

"Ah. Dr. Quimper, I should like a word with you." It was Harold's voice, raised and irritable. "I should like to know what you mean by interferinging."

"I should like to know what you mean by interfering in a private and family matter, and telling my sister to go to Scotland Yard about it."

Dr. Quimper said calmly:
"Miss Crackenthorpe asked my advice. I gave it to her. In my opinion, she did perfectly right."

"You dare to say..."

"Giel!"

"You dare to say—"

"Girl!"
It was old Mr. Crackenborpe's familiar salutation. He
as peering out of the study
oor just behind Lucy.
Lucy turned rather rejuct-

ty.
"Yes, Mr. Grackenthorpe?"
"What are you giving us
dinner tonight? I want
try. You make a very good

Continuing 4.50 From Paddington

curry. It's ages since we've had "The boys don't care much

"The boys don't care much for curry, you see."

"The boys—the boys. What do the boys matter? I'm the one who matters. And, anyway, the boys have gone—good riddance. I want a nice hot curry, do you hear?"

"All right. Mr. Grackenthorpe, you shall have it."

hot curry, do you hear?"
"All right, Mr. Grac
thorpe, you shall have it."

"That's right, You're a good girl, Lucy. You look after me, and I'll look after you."

and I'll took after you."

Lucy went back to the kitchen. Abandoning the fricasse
of chicken which she had
planned, she began to assemble
the preparations for curry.
The front door banged, and

I never think of the future. It comes soon enough. -Albert Einstein

from the window she saw Dr. Quimper stride angrily from the house to his car and drive

Lucy sighed. She missed the boys. And in a way she missed Bryan, too.

oh, well. She sat down and egan to peel mushrooms. At any rate, she'd give the unily a rattling good dinner. Feed the brutes!

It was three a.m. when Dr. It was three a.m. when Dr. Quimper drove his car into the garage, closed the doors and came in pulling the front door behind him rather wearily. Well, Mrs. Josh Simpkins had a fine healthy pair of twins to add to her present family of sight. of eight.

Dr. Quimper walked up-stairs to his bedroom and started throwing off his clothes. He glanced at his watch. Five minutes past three. It had proved an unexpectedly tricky business beinging these twenty proved an unexpected tricky business bringing those twins into the world, but all had gone well. He yawned. He was tired — very tired. He looked appreciatively at his bed. from page 44

Then the telephone range Dr. Quimper swore, and picked up the receiver. "Dr. Quimper?" "Speaking."

"This is Lucy Eyelesbarrow from Rutherford Hall, I think you'd better come over. Every-body seems to have been taken

"Taken ill? How? What

symptoms?"
Lucy detailed them.
"I'll be over straight away.
In the meantime . . ." He gave her short sharp instruc-

Then he quickly resumed his clothes, flung a few extra things into his emergency bag, and hurried down to his car.

It was some three hours later when the doctor and Lucy, both of them somewhat

chausted, sat down by the kitchen table to drink large cups of black coffee.

"Ha," Dr. Quimper drained his cup, set it down with a clatter on the saucer. "I needed that. Now, Miss Eyelesbarrow, let's get down to brass tacks."

Lucy looked at him. The lines of fatigue showed clearly on his face making him look older than his foorty-four years, the dark hair on his temples was flecked with grey, and there were lines under his

eyes.
"As far as I can judge,"
said the doctor, "they'll be all
right now. But how come?
That's what I want to know.
Who cooked the dinner?"

"I did," said Lucy.

"And what was it? In de-

"Mushroom soup. Curried chicken and rice. Chocolate mousse. A savory of chicken lives in bacon."

"Canapes Diane," said Dr. Quimper unexpectedly.
Lucy smiled faintly.
"Yes, Canapes Diane."
"All right — let's go through it. Mushroom soup — out of a tin, I suppose?"

"Certainly not. I made it."
"You made it. Out of what?"

"Half a pound of mush-rooms, chicken stock, milk, a roux of butter and flour, and lemon juice."

"Ah, And one's supposed to say 'It must have been the mushrooms',"

"It wasn't the mushrooms. I had some of the soup myself and I'm quite all right."
"Yes, you're quite all right. I hadn't forgotten that."
Lucy flushed.
"If you mean..."

Lucy flushed.
"If you mean..."
"I don't mean... You're a highly intelligent girl. You'd be groaning upstairs, too, if I'd meant what you thought I meant. Anyway, I know all about you. I've taken the trouble to find out."
"Why on earth did you do..."

Why on earth did you do

Dr. Quimper's lips were set in a grim line.

"Because I'm making it my business to find out about the people who come here and settle themselves in. You're a bona fide young woman who does this particular job for a livelihood, and you seem never to have had any contact with the Crackenthorpe family pre-vious to coming here. So you're not a girl-friend of either Cedric, Harold, or Alfred— helping them to do a bit of dirty work."

"Do you really think-?" "I think quite a lot of things," said Quimper, "But I have to be careful, That's the worst of being a doctor. Now let's get on. Curried chicken, Did you have some of that?" that?'

"No. When you've cooked a curry, you've dined off the smell, I find. I tasted it, of course. I had soup and some mousse."

"How did you serve that?" "In individual glasses."

"Now, then, how much of this is cleared up?" "If you mean washing up,

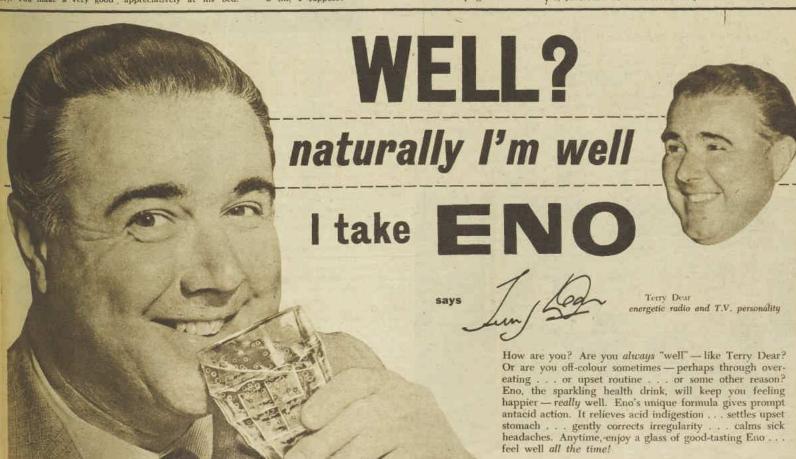
To page 52

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ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' - NOW IN CONVENIENT WIDE MOUTH BOTTLE

PLANN



FRONT VIEW of the house, designed by Gabor Lukacs and Associates, as it appears from the street. Facing the north-north-seest, the site captures a lovely view of Sydney Harbor, framed by the trees in Vaucluse Park opposite. The entrance door at the left is of European oak.

Harbor home built round natural garden setting

 Overlooking Sydney Harbor from the pretty suburb of Vaucluse is the new home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Yass, which has been built so that it blends perfectly with its natural, picturesque surroundings.

SET well forward on its natural garden background of the site. house has large areas of glass in the lounge, diningroom, and master bedroom, all of which face the picturesque, tree - framed view of the Harbor.

The outside of the house, with its sandstone foundations, polished board, rendered brick, and green roofing, was planned to fit in with the

Inside, the house is adapted to an attractive compromise between the present open-planning idea and the older idea of individual rooms shut off from one another.

The plan of the actual living area is on open lines with the study, living-room, and dining-room all opening into one another. However, sliding another. However, sliding doors between the rooms can

view through the front of the house over Vaucluse Park to the Harbor, and through the back to the garden.

At present it is a two-bed-room house, but later the room now used as a study will be-come a third bedroom.

The master bedroom is set slightly back from the living area and has an overhanging

close each one off when desired.

When the whole area is thrown open, there is a lovely view through the front of the view through the park to

Adjoining the bedroom is a dressing-room fitted with polished coachwood cupboards

polished coachwood cupboards and dressing-table. Beyond this is the blue, white, and primrose bathroom, with its handbasin set flush into an eight-foot plastic vanity table. The second bedroom is at the back of the western wing and is self-contained, with its own adjacent shower and toilet. A side door provides access to this part of the house from outside. from outside.

The lovely modern kitchen has every latest device, includ-ing a garbage-disposal unit, an automatic dishwasher, and a built-in exhaust fan.

The kitchen cupboards are polished pine. The walls are built flush with the tops of the cupboards to exclude dust. The plastic and wroughtiron chairs and breakfast table

are in grey to carry out the grey, yellow, white, and bur-gundy color scheme.

An interesting feature of the whole house is the carefully planned lighting. Placed to planned lighting. Placed to give a high degree of general illumination, most of the sources of light are at least partly concealed. In some places ceiling spotlights accent a particular feature of the houses. the house.

REAR ENTRANCE, photographed at night to show the bright illumination which is a feature of the building. Fixed and adjustable spotlights are used indoors as well as outside



ABOVE: Lounge-room facing the terrace and show-ing the hallway and study. The floors in all the living areas are finished in smart parquet tiles.

RIGHT: The kit-

the kitchen area, showing the breakfast table setting. A spotlight is over the table, which features a wrought-iron trayrest underneath.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY - January 22, 19



THE STUDY, looking through from the lounge-room. Large sliding doors connect the two rooms on one side and there is a partly covered rear terrace on the other. A floor-to-ceiling glass wall, half of which slides open, leads to the garden beyond.

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OUR HOME PLAN No. 621, shown in perspective above, is designed specially for the home-builder on a limited budget. It is featured in timber with a tiled roof, but other building materials would look equally attractive. The kitchen, dining, and lounge rooms are separate from the bedrooms, with the bathroom convenient to all.

FOR ECONOM

Our home this week has been designed specially for nome - builders who vant an attractive, pacious layout but ave to keep within a limited budget.

SYDNEY architect Ian White designed this wo-bedroomed, 81-square imber or fibro home, which has open planning n the living section and gives an appearance of be-ing much larger than it "cally is.

Complete with specifica-dions, the plan costs £7/7/-, and is available from our come Planning Centres, for which addresses are given be-

In the simple and conveni-nt layout, living and sleeping justlers are separate, and hall pace has been kept to a mini-

The kitchen is U-shape, which is the best and most conomical planning, as it wids passage traffic through he working area.

The best aspect in the house in belongs to the kitchen, thich has ample storage. There are cupboards above and below the work beach, and generous counter space a provided beside the refrigator and stove.

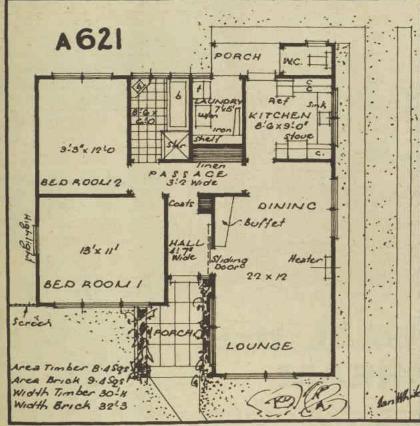
Because in a small home,

alor and stove.

Because, in a small home,
lumbing must be compact,
the bathroom, laundry, separte toilet, and kitchen are all
tone block. This also is conentent and accommical. tent and economical.

Space for ironing and stor-ge has been provided in the jundry, and the useful linen upboard opens both into the undry and the hall. Although the design is fea-tred in timber with a tiled oof, it would be just as effec-ve and budget-wise if con-rieted in other, building aterials.

The hip roof, extending yer the back porch, helps cep the kitchen and laundry



FLOOR PLAN of the design shows the simple and convenient layout. From the front porch, entry is into a wide hall, which features a convenient coat cupboard. A sliding door can close off the dining-lounge area, in which there is an unusual and roomy built-in buffet, and the heater is centrally placed to give warmth to the whole living area.

ing the home would be: In New South Wales: Brick,

£3950; brick veneer, £357; timber, £2850; fibro, £2600.

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In Queensland: Brick, £2950; timber, £2525; fibro,

£2450.

If ordering this plan by mail, please state what build-ing and roofing materials will be used, and what sewerage facilities are available in the

The plan can be bought at our Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22

BACK TO SCHOOL LUNCHES

By LEILA C. HOWARD Our food and cookery

· Planning well-balanced, healthful school lunches five days a week is a job that calls for imagination, plus a knowledge of the nutrition requirements of growing children.

EATING a good school huncheon can, on the other hand, create a great deal of pleasure, provided (a) the food itself is tasty and (b) the package is nicely put together.

Such lunches are not necessarily more expensive, but usually require a little extra time and care in preparation. And the results are

Sandwiches are not by any means a must for the school-lunch package. Slices of bread and butter, or buttered bread-rolls packed with pieces of salad vegetables, hard-poiled eggs, croquettes of meat or hish, home-made rissoles, wedges of cheese, or cooked meat or brawn, help to provide appetising variety.

Other favorites are crisp, home made pies or pasties with meat, fish, or vegetable fillings which are both satisfying and wholesome.

Interesting bread

A variation in the type of bread used, such as wholemeal, rye, milk, or soy, also gives added interest. For sandwiches use day-old bread and leave on all crusts. Young teeth

benefit from chewing and children should be encouraged to eat the crust instead of throwing it away.

Schoolchildren should also be taught to bring home any uneaten loodstuffs in their lunch packages. Apart from reducing the usual high degree of food wastage in mhools, this helps mothers decide what sort of food their children pre-

fer and how much is likely to Another point worth remembering is that plain or fruit cake is far more nutritious than cream cake and carries much better, while homebiscuits are tastier and less

expensive than the packaged variety. The following guide should be of help to mothers in providing an ap-pensing and nutritions lunch box for their growing family.

Choose a firm, light, easy-tocarry box for packing, or wrap food in a large, clean, gaily colored cloth or plastic serviette.

Provide a light, unbreakable for milk or water, preferably name-tagged.

3. Pack a small marked hand-towel for before-lunch washing. This could be left in the school desk and brought home regularly for laun-dering.

4. Choose foods that are appetis-ing, and occasionally include some sweets to subdue that temptation to spend pennies at the corner shop.

5. Educate the children to take advantage of the school milk supply.

Alternately provide a bottle of milk and fruit juice. Overnight storage in the refrigerator means a cooler drink on warm days.

6. Pack at least one piece of fruit in each lunch. An apple will help clean the teeth and aid digestion.

SANDWICH FILLINGS CHEESE AND TOMATO: Two peeled and chopped tomatoes mixed with \(\frac{1}{4}\) cup grated cheese and 1 tablespoon mayonnaise.

CELERY AND CHEESE: Four tablespoons finely chopped celery sprinkled on slices of processed cheese.

EGG AND BACON: Two lightly boiled or scrambled eggs combined with 1 rasher bacon cooked and

CUCUMBER AND CHEESE: Slices of cucumber spread with cream cheese and finely chopped

SARDINE AND TOMATO: Two tomatoes chopped finely and blended with 1 tin sardines and a little

DATE AND PEANUT BUTTER: Finely chopped dates sprinkled over bread which has been spread with peanut butter.

RAISIN AND WALNUT: Chopped raisins softened with a little lemon juice and mixed with finely chopped nuts. PINEAPPLE AND CREAM CHEESE: Thin slices of fresh pine-apple spread lightly on both sides with cream cheese.

PEANUT BANANA BREAD
Two cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, \(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1/3rd

cup butter or margarine, † cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 bananas, 1/3rd cup milk, † cup finely chopped peanuts. Sift together the dry ingredients three times. Cream butter and sugar well, and beat in eggs one at a time. Mix in mashed bananas and milk; Mix in mashed bananas and milk; fold in dry ingredients and peanuts. Turn into a well-greased loaf tin, and bake in a moderate oven for about one hour. Leave in pan 5 minutes before turning out to cool.

If desired, frost top with a soft butter icing which has been flavored with lemon juice or peanut butter.

OATMEAL DATE SLICES Half pound stoned dates, \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup sugar, \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup cold water, \(\frac{1}{2}\) dessert-spoon lemon juice, \(\frac{4}{2}\) margarine or butter, \(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspoon grated lemon or butter, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 14 cups rolled oats, 14 cups flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ¼ cup warm milk.

Place dates, 1 cup sugar, water and lemon juice in saucepan, stir over heat until soft and pulpy, and over heat until soft and pulpy, and cool. Cream margarine or butter with remaining ½ cup sugar and lemon rind. Add rolled oats and sifted flour. Dissolve soda in warm milk, add to dry ingredients, and mix well. Knead lightly on floured board; roll to rectangular shape. Spread half with date mixture, moisten edges, fold other half over, and press lightly together. Cut into fingers with sharp floured knife. Bake on greased tray in a hot oven until lightly browned and crisp.

RAISIN SPICE LOAF

Four ounces butter or substitute, ‡ cup sugar, vanilla, I egg, I cup raisins, I cup water, I teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 cups self-rais-ing flour, ‡ teaspoon nutmeg, cinna-mon and spice. n and spice.

Boil raisins in water and drain, reserving liquid; cool. Gream shortening, sugar, and vanilla; add egg and mix well. Fold in raisins and then soda dissolved in raisin water alternately with sifted dry ingredi-ents. Fill into two greased nut-loaf TWO SLICES of fruit nut-loaf plus a bottle of milk at playtime, a salad medley, two well-filled sandwiches, an orange drink and an apple for lunch, are sufficient to provide the full quota of calories, proteins, and vitamins needed by an active schoolchild.

or bar tins and bake in moderate oven for 50 to 60 minutes.

COCO-ORANGE BISCUITS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, I cup sugar, I egg, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, I cup coconut, I tablespoon orange juice.

Cream butter or substitute with orange rind and sugar. Add egg and coconut and mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with orange juice. Place a teaspoonful at a time on to greased baking tray. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Store in airtight tin when cold.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958.

 Veal Roll-ups, a savory veal dish that is delicious and satisfying, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

ally filled rolls in a tomatoflavored sauce.

Consolation prizes a r e awarded for a good recipe for ginger beer, which includes full directions for establishing the original plant, and for simple summer sweet made from rice, fruit, and nuts.

There is also a tasty recipe for serving sandwiches rather an original way.

All spoon measurements are

VEAL ROLL-UPS

Six fillets veal, \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup grated onion, \(\frac{1}{2}\) cups soft breadcrumbs, \(\frac{2}{2}\) tablespoons finely chopped chives (optional), \(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, \(\frac{3}{2}\) rachers bacon, \(\frac{1}{2}\) cups tomato rashers bacon, 1½ cups tomato puree, ½ cup tomato sauce, ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons oil.

Trim yeal fillets to even sizes and slice or flatten until very thin. Combine onion, breadcrumbs, half the chives, breadcrumbs, half the chives, herbs, salt, and pepper, and bind with beaten egg and a little milk if necessary. Spread a spoonful of mixture over each fillet of veal, place half bacon rasher (rind removed) on top. Roll up, and secure with coarse thread. Heat oil in frying-pan, add veal rolls, and saute until golden-brown

THIS tasty recipe is on all sides. Remove from pan, drain off excess fat. Place toon all sides. Remove from pan, drain off excess fat. Place to-mato purce, sauce, and water into saucepan, and season with remaining herbs and chives, and salt and pepper. Simmer, covered with a tightly fitting lid, for 45 to 50 minutes, or till rolls are tender but not broken. Carefully lift out rolls and remove threads. Serve on a large heated plate with vegetables as desired.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. Y. McMahon, Technical Training Centre, Idubada, Port Mores-

SANDWICH OMELETS

Ready-made sandwiches, egg per person, pinch salt, pepper, { cup milk, bacon fat, butter or margarine.

Cut each gardwich into four. Beat egg lightly; add salt and pepper and milk. Pour mixture into a shallow soup plate, and place cut sandwiches in egg mixture to soak the salt and south and shall should be salt and salt a 2 to 3 minutes. Melt about 1 dessertspoon fat in frying-pan and when hot place in all four pieces of sandwich to form a square. Pour over remainder of egg mixture and when set and golden-brown underneath, turn carefully with an eggslice. Cook again until set and golden-brown on other side. Serve immediately.



SANDWICH SUGGESTIONS:

HAM: Cut into thin slices and spread lightly with pre-pared mustard.

EGG: Cook for 5 minutes. eGG: Cook for 5 minutes, cool slightly, remove shells, and mash in a basin with salt, pepper, and a little melted butter. Add curry powder, chopped parsley or olives, or Worcestershire sauce if de-

CHEESE: Shred or grate, and add finely chopped onion, gherkin, or celery.

SARDINES: Remove bones and tails, mash with a little vinegar, pepper, and salt.

TASTY VEAL cooked and served in this style is sure to win wide approval. Serve the veal rolls with vegetables as illustrated above or over a mound of hot savory rice, spaghetti, or macaroni. CUCUMBER and RICE PARFAIT MATOES: Place in iced water One tablespoon gelatine, 1

for 1 hour, remove skins, and slice finely. Sprinkle with a little vinegar, pepper, and salt. CORN: Tinned corn, mixed with a little chopped ham, cooked bacon, or tomato.

ASPARAGUS: Drain from the tin and mash with a little salt, pepper, and melted but-

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss E. Edwards, 5 Fennell Street, Parramatta, N.S.W.

GINGER BEER ORIGINAL PLANT

cup cold water, 2 cups hot

milk, { cup brown sugar, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon chopped

walnuts, I cup cooked rice, ½ cup cream, sliced peaches, cherries, and almonds or wal-

Soak gelatine in cold water, add hot (not boiling) milk,

and stir until gelatine is dis-solved. Add brown sugar,

salt, nuts, and rice. When cold

and beginning to thicken, fold

in whipped cream. Arrange layer of sliced peaches in ser-ving dish or parfait glasses,

and top with rice parfait, piling up in centre. Decorate with cherry slices and nuts.

Chill thoroughly in the refrig-

Other varieties of fresh,

Consolation Prize of £1 to

Mrs. M. Linke, 23 Fenton

tinned, or home-preserved fruits can be substituted for

erator before serving.

the peaches if desired.

Street, Enfield, S.A.

nuts to decorate.

Mix well in a basin i teaspoon ground ginger, i teaspoon cream of tartar, and 2 teaspons sugar. Put into widenecked jar, and add 2 cups water, stand for 24 hours Strain away all liquid, keeping back sediment which is the back sediment which is the beer plant. Throw away the liquid. Place plant into a tightly corked bottle and stand for 3 days. Place this plant into a large

race this plant into a large screw-top jar, and add 1 cup water, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2 or 3 raisins. Feed daily for 7 days with 2 teaspoons sugar and I tea-spoon ginger. Stand 7 days

GINGER BEER LIQUID Strain liquid from plant through fine material into 22 cups water, 3½ cups sugar, 1 cup lemon juice; stir well until sugar is dissolved. Bottle, and seal securely. Store in a cool, dark place. Use in 4 days.

Divide the residue in halves and put each half into a large

and put each half into a large screw-top jar or bottle, add cup water, 2 teaspoons sugar, teaspoon ginger, and 2 or 3 raisins, and proceed, as before, to feed daily for 7 days.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Williams, 3 Hender-son Ave., Redeliffe, W.A.

Kitchen hints

Here are some quick and helpful hints on the selection, use, and preservation of everyday foodstuffs in the kitchen.

OVERRIPE and pulpy tomatoes will become firmer if they are placed in a basin of cold water to which a little salt has been added.

TO improve the flavor and color of beetroot, add half teaspoon of bicarbonate of a teaspoon of nicarbonate of soda to the water in which the beetroot is being cooked. If it is stringy when you are cutting it, try cutting from the top down.

NEXT time you are making a custard tart, try spread-ing the pastry crust with a little golden syrup—it's good.

WHEN buying oranges, look for fruit that is firm and heavy for its size. Keep oranges in a cool place, refrig-erating those that are to be used for juice or salad next

TRY hanging a bunch of mint in your kitchen to help keep away flies.

NEVER mix fresh milk with old milk or cream except when it is to be used immediately. Adding yesterday's milk or cream to today's hastens the souring process.

WET a piece of tissue paper and roll tightly round cucumbers and other vege-tables. This will keep them fresh for days.

BE sure to store tea in a tightly sealed container or jar away from cooking smells and spices.

THE quick-blending proper ties of lard make it excel-lent for pastry. It is also used for deep and shallow fry-ing, and for sauteeing. Keep lard covered in the refriger-

SAGE is probably the best-known herb next to pars-ley. It has a strong and pene-trating flavor, so use it lightly.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish provides an unusual way of preparing and serving hamburgers. It costs approximately 6/- and serves four.

ITALIAN HAMBURGERS

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 dessertspoon chopped shallot or onion, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon diced parboiled red pepper (optional), 1 or 2oz, chopped sauteed mushrooms, 2 tablespoons red wine, little olive oil. Combine all ingredients, mixing them well. Bind with olive oil, adding 1 teaspoon at a time. Chill 2 to 3 hours. Shape into hamburger cakes about linthick. Brown well on both sides in a small magnity.

thick. Brown well on both sides in a small quantity of hot fat. Reduce heat, and continue cooking a further 10 to 12 minutes until tender. Serve hot with any savory sauce.

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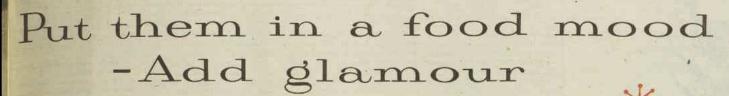
FROSTING A CAKE

THE SIMPLE WAY

INSTEAD of frosting your cake on a board and transfer-ring it to a plate, cut a square of greaseproof paper (slightly larger than plate) in four, diagonally. Replace pieces of paper on plate to form a square.



FROST CAKE on the paper, and when almost set, carefully pull each triangle of paper from under cake. This will give an unbroken edge of frosting on a clean plate, and will save the cook time and trouble.



with...





1 packet lemon or lime jelly crystals, 3 banunus.

Prepare jelly mixture according to directions. Leave until thickening. Peel and slice bananas; carefully stir through the jelly and place in a mould or serving bowl.

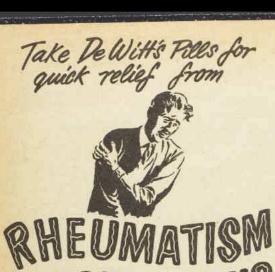
Jaded apporttes can be beguiled with the easy-to-prepare jelly dishes, jelly fillings, jelly dressings. There's variety for months in these full, fruity flavours:

RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY, LOGANBERRY, RED CURRANT, BLACK CURRANT, BLACKBERRY, PORT WINE, LEMON, LIME, ORANGE, MANDARIN, GRAPEFRUIT, APRICOT, PINEAPPLE, FRUIT SALAD, VANILLA.

SIMPLE & ATTRACTIVE GELATINE JELLIES

No.10 OF THE DAVIS GELATINE ORGANISATION'S SERIES: TO-DAY'S FOODS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WREELY - January 22, 1958



THOSE who are plagued by rheumatism and joint pains know only too well the agony they suffer, but many don't realise that this pain is mostly caused by faulty kidneys.

and JOINT PA

When kidneys become inactive, toxins and body waste clog up your system, and then pain starts! The way to stimulate your kidneys, clear these poisons and get fast relief from pain, is to take De Witt's Pills. World famous, sure acting DeWitt's Pills go to work stimulating and cleansing

and give you visual evi-dence of this within 24 hours. Don't suffer a day Buy a bottle of De Witt's Pills from your chemist or storekeeper.

Economy Size (100 pills) 8/-Regular Size (40 pills) 5/-New Trial Size (20 pills) 3/-

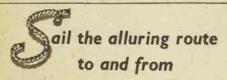
Mr. W., North Adelaide, S.A., writes:-

"... after the first few...

De Witt's Pills I have not had a recurrence of the trouble ... rheumatism is now a forgotten night-mare." (The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office).



Lumbago, Joint and Muscle Pains



ENGLAND via AMERICA

in the air-conditioned

MARIPOSA and MONTEREY

Service without equal, superb cuisine and yacht-like luxury are the exclusive Matson ingredients for an unforgettable travel experience. Take this route to see fabulous California, the grandeur and scope of America's great inland, the breathtaking New York skyline. Matson hospitality across the Pacific gives you warm memories of friendly courtesy and matchless comfort... and time to enjoy South Seas beauty at island stops. New Zealand, Fili, Samoa, Hawaii, at island stops. you warm memories of trienuly South Seas beauty less comfort ... and time to enjoy South Seas beauty at island stops. ... New Zealand, Fiji. Samoa, Hawaii, Tahiti, San Francisco.



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everything was washed up and

put away,"
Dr. Quimper groaned.
"There's such a thing as being over-zealous," he said.
"Yes, I can see that, as things "Yes, I can see that, as things e turned out, but there it is, afraid." What do you have still?"

"There's some of the curry left—in a bowl in the larder. I was planning to use it as a basis for mulligatawny soup this evening. There's some mouse room soup left, too. No mousse and none of the savory."

"I'll take the curry and the soup. What about chutney? Did- they have chutney with

it?"
"Yes. In one of those stone

jars."
"I'll have some of that, too."

He rose. "I'll go up and and have a look at them again. After that, can you hold the fort until morning? Keep an After that, can you noid the fort until morning? Keep an eye on them all? I can have a nurse round, with full instructions, by eight o'clock." "I wish you'd tell me straight out. Do you think it's food poisoning—or—or—well, poisoning?"

oning?

"I've told you already. Doc tors can't think—they have to be sure. If there's a positive result from these food specimens I can go ahead. Otherwise—" "Otherwise?" Lucy repeated.

Dr. Quimper laid a hand on er shoulder.

"Look after two people in particular," he said. "Look after Emma. I'm not going to have anything happen to Emma

There was emotion in his sice that could not be dis-sised. "She's not even begun live yet," he said. "And voice t guised. guised. "She's not even only to live yet," he said. "And you know, people like Emma Crackenthorpe are the salt of the earth . . Emma—well,

the earth . . Emma—well, Emma means a lot to me. I've never told her so, but I shall. Look after Emma."

"You bet I will," said Lucy.

"And look after the old man. I can't say that he's ever been my favorite patient, but he is my patient, and I'm dashed if I'm gaing to let him be bustled. I'm going to let him be hustled out of the world because one or other of his unpleasant sons —or all three of them, maybe want him out of the way so nat they can handle his

He threw her a sudden quiz-

zical glance.
"There," he said. "I've opened my mouth too wide. But keep your eyes skinned, there's

Continuing ... 4.50 From Paddington

a good girl, and, incidentally, keep your mouth shut."

Inspector Bacon was looking

upset.
"Arsenic?" he said. "Ar-

Yes. It was in the curry. "Yes. It was in the cury
Here's the rest of the cury
for your fellows to have a go of
I've only done a very roug
test on a little of it, but it
result was quite definite."

"So there's a poisoner at work?"

It would seem so," said Dr.

Quimper dryly.
"And they're all affected, you say—except Miss Eyelesbar-

"Except Miss Eyelesbarrow. "Looks a bit fishy for her

"What motive could she pos-

"What mouve town sibly have?"

"Might be barmy," suggested Bacon. "Seem all right, they do, sometimes, and yet all the time they're right off their rocker, so to speak."

"Miss Eyelesbarrow isn't off the cocker, Speaking as a medi-

her rocker. Speaking as a medi-cal man, Miss Eyelesbarrow is as sane as you or I are. If Miss Eyelesbarrow is feeding the family arsenic in their curry, she's doing it for a rea-son. Moreover, being a highly son. Moreover, being a highly intelligent young woman, she'd be careful not to be the only one unaffected. When unaffected. What she'd do, what any intelligent poisoner would do, would be to eat a very little of the poisoned curry, and then exaggerate the symptoms."

"And then you wouldn't be able to tell?"

"That's she'd had less than the others? Probably not. People don't all react alike to People don't all react alike to poisons, anyway — the same amount will upset some people more than others. Of course," added Dr. Quimper cheerfully, "once the patient's dead, you can estimate fairly closely how much was taken."

"Then it might be . . ." Inspector Bacon paused to consolidate his ideas. "It might be that there's one of the family now who's making more fuss than he need—someone who you might say is mucking in with the rest so as to avoid arousing suspicion? How's that?"

"The idea has already oc-curred to me. That's why I'm reporting to you. It's in your

from page 45

hands now. I've got a nurse on the job that I can trust, but she can't be everywhere at once. In my opinion, nobody's had enough to cause death."

enough in the curry to cause signs of food poisoning — for which probably the mushrooms would be blamed. People are

"Because he'd been given a second dose?"

The doctor nodded.
"That's why I'm reporting to
you at once, and why I've put
a special nurse on the job."
"She knows about the ar-

of course. She knows and so does Miss Eyelesbarrow. You know your own job best, of course, but if I were you I'd get out there and make it quite clear to them all that they're suffering from arsenic poison-ing. That will probably put the fear of the Lord into our murdeer and he won't dare to carry out his plan. He's probably been banking on the food-poisoning theory."

I HE telephone

doctor

"Who is it?"
"It's Alfred," said Dr. Quim-r. "And he's dead . . ."

dock's voice came in sharp dis-

"Made a mistake, the poi-soner did?"

"No. It seems to me more likely that the idea was to put would be blamed. People are always obsessed with the idea of mushroom-poisoning. Then one person would probably take a turn for the worse and die."

'Of course. She knows and

HE telephone rang on the inspector's desk. He picked it up and said:
"O.K. Put her through." He said to Quimper, "It's your nurse on the phone. Yes, hallo—speaking. What's that? Serious relapse. . . Yes. . . Dr. Quimper's with me now . . . If you'd like a word with him." He handed the receiver to the doctor.

doctor.
"Quimper speaking . . . I
see . . . Yes . . . Quite right.
. . Yes, carry on with that.
We'll be along."
He put the receiver down
and turned to Bacon.
"Who is it?"

Over the telephone Crad-

"Alfred?" he said. "Alfred?" Inspector Bacon, shifting the

"You didn't expect that?"
"You didn't expect that?"
"No, indeed. At a matter of fact, I'd just got him taped for the murderer!"
"I heard about him being spotted by the ticket collector. Looked bad for him all right. Yes, looked as though we'd go our man."
"Well," said Craddock flatly, "we were wrong."

we were wrong."

There was a moment's ence. Then Craddock arked:

"we were wrong."

There was a moment silence. Then Craddock asked.

"There was a nurse in charge. How did she come to slip up?"

"Can't blame her. Miss Eye-lesbarrow was all in and went to get a bit of sleep. The nurse had got five patients on her hands, the old man. Eenma. Cedric, Harold, and Alfred She couldn't be everywhere at once. It seems old Mr. Crackenthorpe started creating in a big way. Said he was dying. She went in, got him soothes down, came back again and took Alfred in some tea with glucose. He drank it and that was that."

"Arsenic again?"

"Seems so. Of course it could have been a relapse, but Quimper doesn't think so and Johnson agrees."

"I suppose," said Craddock.

"I suppose," said Craddick, doubtfully, "that Alfred was meant to be the victim?"

meant to be the victim?"

Bacon sounded interested.
"You mean that whereas Alfred's death wouldn't do amone a penn'orth of good, the
old man's death would benefit
the lot of them? I suppose it
might have been a mistaksomebody might have thought
the tea was intended for the
old man."
"Are they were that their

"Are they sure that they the way the stuff was administered?"

"No, of course they aren' sure. The nurse, like a good nurse, washed up the whole contraption. Cups, spoons, teapot—everything. But it seems the only feasible method."

"Meaning," said Craddock thoughtfully, "that one of the patients wasn't as ill at the others? Saw his chance and doped the cup?"

"Well, there won't be any more funny business," said Inspector Bacon grimly. "We've got two nurses on the job now, to say nothing of Miss Eyelestarrow, and I've got a couple of men there, too. You coming down?"

"As fast as I can make it"

Lucy Eyelesbarrow came across the hall to meet Inspec-tor Craddock. She looked pale and drawn.

"You've been having a had time of it," said Graddock.

"It's been like one low astly nightmare," said Lucghastly nightmare," said Lucy,
"I really thought last night that
they were all dying."
"About this curry—"

'It was the curry "Yes, very nicely laced with arsenic—quite the Boron touch"

arsenic—quite the Borea touch."

"If that's true," said Lucy. "It must—it's got to be—one of the family."

"No other possibility?"

"No, you see I only started making that curry quite lat—after six o'clock—because Mr. Crackenthorpe specially asked for curry. And I had to open a new tin of curry powder—so that couldn't have been tampered with. I suppose curry would disguise the taste?"

"Arsenic hasn't any raste, said Craddock absently. "Now opportunity. Which of them had the chance to tamper with

opportunity. Which of the had the chance to tamper with the curry while it was cooking?"

Lucy considered.

"Actually," she said, "anyone could have sneaked into the kitchen whilst I was laying the table in the dining-room.

"I see, Now, who was then

To page 56

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The Perfectionist Continuing

from page 19

accusingly. "You spoiled him, you know. He expects too much from a secretary."

"I know he's exacting," Judy mitted, "but we got along." admitted,

admitted, "but we got along."

"I know you did. I hear about it all the time: 'Judy used to do this for me. Judy did that for me. Judy straightened out my personal file after I messed it up. Judy put my rubbers away so's the clients wouldn't fall over them . . . ""

"But that's part of the job," Judy laughed. "That's what you paid for."

get paid for."

"Oh, I suppose so," Joy agreed. "I'm just annoyed because he expected me to know what happened to a letter he wanted this morning. He had it stuffed under his desk blotter!" She gave a sigh of despair and said, "Men!" and that seemed to sum it up. She turned her attention to the menu.

"That's part of the job," Judy repeated in her mind. She had waited on Mr. Harrow hand and foot. Eight hours a day for five years she had done things for him which he could have done himself, but didn't. Annoying things, disagreeable things, some of them. She planned ahead for him, and picked up after him. And half the things she did he didn't

to make her job a success... and this morning she had rebel-led at a few minor annoyances that might mean the success of

her marriage.
"I was willing to be a full-

"I was willing to be a tull-time secretary," she thought, "but only a part-time wife."
"One of us has lost his sense of proportion," Jim had said. And he was right!... When Jim came home at six Judy had a potroast and mixed vegetables waiting, be-

mixed vegetables waiting, be-cause that combination was a favorite of his.

"He said, "Hullo, darling,"

as usual, and he kissed her— but the kiss seemed different. There was restraint in it. They talked at dinner, and they passed things, and they ate— but the restraint remained but the restraint remained. When he smiled his smile was like a shield, a shield that didn't cover the wariness in his

Jim helped clear the table and he dried the dishes, as usual But he was extra care-ful about placing each plate where it belonged, careful about hanging the towel, neatly folded, on the towel rack Later, in the bedroom, he

changed into jeans, and slip-pers. In her mirror Judy watched him hang his trousers away neatly and place his shoes in the shoe rack. Then he took his evening paper into the lounge-room.

the lounge-room.

"He's on guard," Judy thought miserably. "He's being self-conscious about every move he makes. I've spoiled something, and he'll never be himself again. He's like a guest in his own home!" Tears welled into her eyes at the appalling thought. Then she looked down. And suddenly the tears stopped and turned to laughter. She laughed so hard that Jim came in.

"What's wrong, darling?" he asked. "What's happened?"

he asked. "What's happened?"

"Nothing," she said, when she could: "Nothing has happened. Everything is just the same." She put her arms round his neck. "I was wondering how a wonderful chap like you ever fell for a done like me?"

And Jim grinned. His old grin. The grin that lit up his eyes. "I've got very good taste," he said. And as he kissed her Judy kicked his socks under the bed — the two wrinkled blue socks that Iim had left in their usual place — on the floor.

(Copyright)

Clothing clues for the classroom set

• The nation-wide ringing of school bells is a familiar signal that busy housewives have been well and truly on the job preparing their children's clothes for the return to classrooms after a lengthy holiday break.

NEARLY every mother, of course, takes the greatest pride in making sure that her children are suitably "turned out" for this important occasion.

But a young child grows so rapidly that school uniforms nd accessories that have been laid aside awhile are apt to need some refurbishing here and there to make them wear-able just a little longer.

The home-dressmaker who has a sewing-machine and is handy with a needle and thread can easily let out the tucks in a child's blouse or shirt, or alter a hem, or adjust the fit of coat sleeves.

However, it is always a good idea to buy children's school clothes at least one size too clothes at least one size too big so that there is no question of discarding them while still practically new because they are either too short or too

To lengthen the hem and sleeves of a child's coat or blazer, first unpick the hem and its lining. Press the material flat with a damp cloth before turning up the edge to the required length.

It may be necessary to face the hem for a firmer finish. Always use a herringbone-Always use a herristitch round hemlines.

A hem-marker is a reason

ably priced gadget that is a tremendous help to the home-dressmaker when altering the length of a child's tunic. It marks a guide line in chalk on the skirt, and ensures that the finished hem will be

straight and even all round.

Another time-saving notion is to hold hems in place with small pieces of cellulose tape instead of straight pins when deciding on the proper length for the surprost.

for the garment.

Often boys' jackets fray at the cuffs before the rest of the garment shows signs of wear, but this, too, can easily be

Firstly, unpick the lining and stitching holding the hem of the cuff. Working on the wrong side, make a tuck down the centre of the worn part and machine (1 in. would be

Press downwards with a damp cloth. Replace the in-terlining, and turn up the hem again to the original length. Let down a similar amount of lining and restitch in place, making sure it is loose. Press

firmly. The finished cuff will have a seam where the worn piece was taken to the wrong side. If pressed carefully the re-pairing should not be at all

All told, there is every kind of short-cut to enable the housewife to get the maximum

service out of the clothes her children wear and probably subject to a great deal of

It may call for a little extra time and effort on her part, but it's well worth the trouble if her youngster's clothes can be made to last just a bit

Here are a few quick ways to a longer life for school

 Rubberised raincoats can be cleaned with a soft brush dipped in warm soapy water.

Rinse with a cloth dipped in clear water, and hang out of doors to dry. Clean plastic raincoats in soapy water. Rinse and place on hanger, and dry away from direct heat. Allow to dry completely before put-ting away or wearing.

ting away or wearing.

• Much time and worry will be saved when clothes become lost at school if you neatly sew a piece of tape on each article of clothing, and on it write the name of your child in indelible ink.

Many schools demand this. On woollen garments, e.g., cks, sweaters, gloves, etc., sew the name tape down the length of ribbing so that when the garment is stretched in wearing it does not burst the

• Teach your children to look after their clothes well.

This requires regular clean-ing, pressing, polishing, and

darning, as well as other small but important daily attention.

• Always hang up the clothes immediately they are taken off.

Constant ironing will wear out the fabric, so it is a good idea to air each garment thoroughly a few times a week. This will help to reduce the creases and at the same time keep the clothes fresher.

• Brush each garment regularly, giving special attention to "out-of-the-way" places such as under the collar. Bulging pockets will soon spoil the shape of blazers and coats, so a regular check on their contents should be made.

Shine on serge or similar materials can be reduced with a slice of peeled potato, vinegar, or ammonia. Brush the garment first and apply whichever liquid is used with a clean piece of material similar to that which is being treated with flannel.

Winter school hats should be brushed regularly to keep them looking clean always. When the fabric begins to look a little drab, hold the

hat over a steaming kettle to raise the pile. Then stuff the crown very tightly with crumpled paper. While still differ quite a lot in style and price, but all need care and attention to make them last.

damp, gently coax the brim into shape.

Wash berets by plunging into lukewarm suds a few times, Never twist or wring a beret, but gently squeeze out the water. Allow to dry over a plate of similar shape or a piece of cardboard cut

shape.
Soiled hatbands can be cleaned with carbon tetrachloride.

Straw hats can be freshened with millinery varnish after a

THOUGH many people don't realise it, there is a big difference between merely ironing clothes in the ordinary way and efficiently pressing them.

By the former method the forth over the material. The technique of pressing, how-ever, is in lifting up the iron and putting it down with a pressing movement on the ar-

Here is the household equipment needed to do an efficient job of pressing:

A good iron. If you have the choice, a heat-controlled iron is a great labor-saver.

6 Pressing cloth.

Ironing - board and sleeve-

TO PRESS WOOL ways use a pressing cloth and turn the indicator to the wool" setting on your iron. Press on the right side over the dightly dampened pressing cloth, and remove the cloth before it is dry.

TO PRESS RAYON AND SILK. Having set the iron properly, press directly on the wrong side of the fabric. Always test the tip of the iron on an edge of the material to make sure it is not too hos on an edge of the material make sure it is not too hot.

Pressing clothes is an art that is well worth perfecting for all mothers who have children of school age with uniforms and suits to keep clean and spruce.

TECHNIQUE OF PRESS-ING. Always brush clothing well before you press it. To do this, use a good, stiff clothes-brush and go over each garment thoroughly, not forgetting the trouser-cuffs, pockets, and under-collar areas where dust collects.

Dampen the pressing cloth lightly with a sponge or cloth wrung out in water. Be sure

to press on the correct side.

Do the actual pressing as directed above by lifting the iron up and down.

To press pockets, lapels, and other double thicknesses of cloth on the right side, use a pressing cloth and moderate pressure to avoid shine.

Never allow the pressing cloth to become completely dry when pressing wool.

Afterwards, slap the fabric vigorously with a clothesbrush to bring up the nap.

When pressing trouser legs, let the original creases act as a guide. Straighten each leg carefully, and with the press-ing cloth in place move the iron with a circular move-ment over the inside leg; turn

The shoulders and sleeves of suits, which call for un-creased surfaces, are rather hard to press unless you know how. To avoid creasing it's how. To avoid creasing much easier to iron on a sleeve-board with a pressing

Lay the sleeves on the board with the edge over-hanging to avoid creasing and press both sides. Fill out the upper arm and shoulders of a jacket with a rolled bath towel before pressing and iron it right over your palm.

Press the back and two fronts of the coat last.

Never press the lapels of a boy's blazer or suit coat. Indamp them lightly with a cloth and mould them into shape with your fingers. Allow the garment to dry thoroughly before it is put away or worn.

To avoid shine, always use great care with pockets and all double thicknesses. Use only a light pressure on the iron, lift the cloth before it is dry, and beat the surface with a brush.

board with the seams facing you. If the skirt is pleated, secure each pleat at the hemline with tape or a pin.

Starting at the hem edge, press each pleat towards the waist. Press again on right side to give pleats extra strength.

Whenever you finish pressing a garment, place it straight on a hanger with all the fasteners in place so that it hangs evenly.

Here are some useful tips on how to remove stains from schoolchildren's clothes:

 Lead-pencil marks can often be removed from washable fabrics by brisk rubbing in hot, soapy water. Woollen materials should be sponged with water or a solution of equal parts of water and alcohol

• Indelible-ink stains can be removed by steeping in ethyl alcohol until most of it has disappeared. Finish with a disappeared. good bleach.

 Ink stains can be removed by immersing the marked area milk.

• Chewing gum can be re-moved from fabrics that will not water-spot by rubbing with ice. If the material is wash-Uniform skirts should be able, it is advisable to soften turned inside out for pressing, the stain with egg-white, and and slipped over an ironing-then wash in the usual way.

School success

By SISTER MARY JACOB. Our Mothercraft Nurse

 Parents are responsible for the physical, social, and psychological well-being of their children, and should see that they have a happy school life. MUCH of the success of school life for your children will

M UCH of the success of school lite for your children will depend on your wise preparation in the all-important pre-school period during the ages of one to five years.

If you have been a possessive mother and have limited your child's association mostly to yourself, you will make the beginning of school life a difficult and trying ordeal for him. Before he goes to school, a child should have the chance to mix with as many types of children as possible so that he can learn from contact with them that individuals behave differently.

As sport and games form part of school life, early foot care one of your responsibilities to your children in the pre-

is one of your responsibilities to your children in the preschool years.

Ill-fitting shoes, which cramp toes, can cripple feet for life, and good posture is not possible with painful feet, restricted by badly fitting boots or shoes and tight socks.

Another responsibility in the pre-school years is to ensure that your children are immunised against the epidemic diseases like diphtheria, whooping-cough, tetanus, and polio, which usually attack youngsters in the first years at school. No child should be permitted to begin school life with toxic tonsils, obstructive adenoids, or decayed teeth.

Do all you can to equip your children for the physical and nervous strain of a new school life.

These essentials for normal health and the good development of brain and body are a well-balanced and adequate diet, fresh air, sunshine, exercise, sufficient rest and sleep, and freedom from nervous over-stimulation.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY - January 22, 1958

AVOCADO PEARS, grown at Sydney, in the much-branched tree of sub-tropical and tropical america produces big, green, pear-shaped fruit often called alligator pears. The yellow, buttery flesh is eaten as a salad. Plants should be transplanted when small in spring, with plenty of soil round the roots. The varieties which are grafted are the most reliable.

Plants for all climates

Whether you live in an area that's tropical, sub-tropical, hot, dry, temperate, cool, or alpine, nature has provided plants for your garden. They may be flowers, shrubs, fruits, nuts, or shade trees, depending upon your district, climate, soil, and choice.

HOT AND TEMPERATE

able for tropical and subtropical areas, or warm spots that are well protected from cold winds and

FLOWERS: Most flowers, or instance roses, zinnias, alvias, gerberas, dahlias, chrysanthemums, gladioli, and innumerable flow-

tropics as far north as Bundaberg and truits blooms, bixa orel-tropics as far north as Bundaberg and truits blooms), bixa orel-tropics allowers blooms), bixa orel-tropics allowers lano (tropical), browallia Jamesonii, beleoperone

as Bundaberg and
Rockhampton, provided the soil is good and
ample provision is made to
allow the heavy monsoonal
rains to get away freely.
Many of these do well even
as far north as New Guinea.
SHRUBS: Flowering shrubs
and trees provide most of the

and trees provide most of the color in the sub-tropics and tropics, apart from native flora, which is rich in color and wide in variation, but there are also many fine bul-

HERE you will find a list of the plants suitable for tropical and subious splashes of fragrant yellow, red, white, and pink

> Buddleias, hydrangeas, azaleas, acalyphas, cassia fis-tula (Golden Rain bush), mussaenda erythophylla (a strikingly beautiful shrub), abutilons, abelias, allamanda Hendersonii (yellow

> truits browallia Jamesonii, beleoperone gutta (shrimp bush), brunsfelsia, calycanthus praecox, calythropis (pale lavender flowers) in clusters) camellias bibiseus cro ters), camellias, hibiscus, crogeraniums, holmkioldias, bougainvillea, clerodendron ugandense, inga pulcherrima are some of the hardiest

> shrubs for sub-tropical areas. For more northern climes the ixoras, pentas family (beautiful bouvardia - like (beautifi) bouvardia - like heads of pink-mauve, pink, or red), phyllanthus nivosus pic-ture (dwarf shrub with highly colored, mottled leaves), fran-



MONSTERA DELICIOSA, or fruit-salad plans, some climber belonging to the arum family. It is often grown indoors in Australia as a pot-plant, but needs controlling once it starts to climb. Has imposing, large, leathery, perforated leaves and long, cordlike aerial roots. The creamy-schite spathe or bracki develops a central spadix. This spadix eventually grows into a long, green fruit, which is edible.

gipani, poinciana Gilliesii, poinsettia, ravenala madagas-cariensis (a palm), thyrsacan-thus stricta (large dark spikes of red flowers), and taber-naemontana comassa (snow-white flowers similar to the gardenia) are among those that do well just below the tropical barrier and north of

FRUIT AND NUTS: Of the tropical and sub-tropical

fruits and nuts that thrive in well-prepared, well-drained soil, the avocado pear, eustard apple, guava, papaw mango, pineapple, banana, pecan nut, macadamia nut almonds, loquats, most cirus, figs, peaches in cool, high altitudes, as well as apples and plums, apricots, litchi nut, and monstera deliciosa are among those mostly grown.

Before buying these plants it is advisable to consult the nearest nurseryman as to suifruits and nuts that thrive in

nearest nurseryman as to suit-



PAEONIES, whether the herbaceous or tree types, are highly intolerant of disturbance. Plant roots just below the surface, with about an inch of soil cover, in soil that has been well manured for long service. If they can be coaxed to grow in warm sub-tropical areas, paeonies need some protection from strong afternoon heat during summer.



LILACS need soil that contains plenty of lime and do best when grown from 1200 to 3500ft. altitude in Australia, or in the south, where the aummers are mild and winters cold. They are hardy shrubs growing to about 12ft, and need only light pruning of flowerheads or thinning out and removal of suckers if too much wood grows.

PLANTS that do not thrive along the coast or inland districts where the summers are very hot dry include many shrubs, such as herbaceous and tree paeonies, lilacs, kalmias, kolkwitzias, tulips, flowering cherries, ceano-thus, and small bulbous plants such as crocuses,

snowdrops, and bluebells. Alyssum, aquilegias (colum-bines), antirrhinums (snap-dragons, bellis perennis (Eng-lish double daisy), calendulas, delphiniums, perennial lupins, wallflowers, primroses, polyanthus, and auriculas appear to

COOL CLIMATES

SHRUBS: Kolkwitzia or

ing spring. R h o dodendrons do best in acid soil in high country.

Kalmia latifolia, or Amerian mountain laurel, produces flowers in winter). clusters of dainty rose-pink

do best among the annuals, biennials, and perennials in elevated places of 1000ft. altitude or more. and require high, cool districts are Japanese maples, and require high are Japanese maples, and require are Japanese maples, andro-medas, arbutus, berberis, Caro-line allspice, forsythias, cistus, clethra alnifolia, cornus, crattaegus oxycan-

Chinese Beauty
Bush is one of the loveliest shrubs durBulbs, shrubs May), flowering flowering flowering (ribes), (flowercurrant do best cydonias ing quince), and enkianthus japonicus (a dwarf deciduous shrub bearing white

FDOWERS: Delphiniums flowers.

Other shrubs and small in cool climates, either well trees that are true hillbillies down south or in high altitudes

in the warmer States. They thrive in limestone country that is rich in humus, and generally last longer there than on the coastal belts, where they are best treated as bi-ennials — two years at most.

FLOWERING BULBS: Snowdrops, crocuses, hya-cinths, tulips, and daffodils have been briefly mentioned.

They are all natives of cool climates and require a long season for the development of their flowering spikes or flowers. When grown in places where the winters are short and mild, the stems are short flowers invariably of smaller size.



CEANOTHUS. There are nearly 50 species many modern hybrids in this further of deciduous and evergreen shrubs, all of we come from North America. Whilst most work bear blue flowers, there are white and flash-col types. They are all handsome, free-flawering the growing to about 20ft. The deciduous kinds she be pruned fairly hard after blooming. Picture to at the home of Miss L. S. Davis, in Wahroo

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22.

Audrey's happy marriage

From LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood

• Just over three years after what Hollywood regarded as the disastrous marriage of Audrey Hepburn to the difficult and much older Mel Ferrer the couple are being separated by their work for the first time.

while Mel must remain in Hollywood for "Green Mansions.

I remember a hot Septem-ber Sunday three years ago when Hollywood newspapers carried huge headlines from Burgenstock, Switzerland, announcing the wedding of Aud-rey and Mel.

pected this to happen, and, to be frank, were not particularly delighted over Audrey's

The man, Mel Ferrer, was

A UDREY has to go accused of opportunism. Thirteen years older than frail, almost child-like Audrey, he had assumed full control over the new star when she played opposite him in "Ondine" the New York stage.

Audrey, who earlier had de-lighted the world in "Roman Holiday," won an Oscar during the play's run.

Soon after, it became ap-parent she had fallen in love with her leading man, an actor whom critics thought as being only so-so.

The play, I remember, ended with Audrey exhausted and in need of total rest,
By that time Ferrer had

earned himself the title of a real-life Svengali with a new Trilby under his spell. Audrey was going to rest in Switzerland, he let it be

known. He was taking care of everything. She would remain incommunicado until her health was fully recovered. To columnists he said he was sending Audrey to his sister, and would follow in a month

When they were married two months later, Hollywood shook its collective head.

Mr. Ferrer's past contained little assurance of a happy, long-lasting marriage. He had been married before, no merely once but three timestwice to the same woman— and was the father of four children ranging from 13

They were being brought up by their mother, Frances Pilchard.

Now, apparently, he was turning hts back on his past to start life again at the side of a girl-bride. It would not work, said the

majority. But the Ferrers have just celebrated the third anniver-sary of their marriage without having, it appears, a single serious spat, Against all the logic Holly-wood could muster, theirs is

turning into an ideal marriage, and this without a permanent home, with a discrepancy in

age, and their first child yet with sympathy and under-to come. standing, after studio hours, at

One day at the Raphael Hotel, where the Ferrers usually stay, Audrey explained to me her private system for a happy married life. "The dangers in an actor's



marriage," she said, "stem from the demands of our pro-fession. When you work in a picture you are totally en-grossed in it.

grossed in it.
"Supposing both man and
wife are working in different
pictures. Then you have two
strangers glaring at each other

in total detachment.
"That's why Mel and I decided on a plan that would have me work while he is off, and make him work while I am free, unless we work in the same thing."

While one is working in a picture the other is nearby

AUDREY and her husband, Mel Ferrer, look through a magazine together at home. Their domestic happiness has surprised those who predicted that the marriage could never be a success.

The Ferrers read a lot, she said, constantly looking for stories she could do and he could direct,

Her husband, on the other hand, made a point that when they are at home she doesn't cue him when he is learning his lines, and that they rarely talk shop.

They keep out of each other's hair professionally, he insisted. And he added sig-nificantly:

"We don't look at each other's daily rushes, and we don't visit the sets on which

the other is working.
"We feel that having a husband or wife watching can be embarrassing to others."

Obviously, Audrey's Con-tinental background has helped to make a happy mar-riage. There's no brooding rebellion against the supremacy of man as with American

To Audrey Hepburn, husband spells much more than companion on terms of quality.

"Equality, what nonsense," she exclaims. "How can you love and measure your rights at the same time?"

Asked about children, Audrey replied: "Any time. I want babies, and I want Mel to be happy."

Probably one of the clues to the happiness is the fact that Ferrer has always dis-liked acting. He considers himself a better director, and is therefore immune to professional jealousy.

Ferrer knows his wife better at acting, doesn't mind. In fact, he has been her pri-vate coach ever since "Onvate coach ever since "On-dine," and undoubtedly as-cribes much of her success to his help.

It was a very small step from director and mentor to impresario dictating terms which would include Mel in the scheme of things.

Thus he was part of a "Hepburn package" which "Hepburn package" which Kurt Frings negotiated with Dino De Laurentiis. The result was that Audrey became Natasha and Ferrer was handed the Prince Andrey role in "War and Peace."

The most recent agreement with M.G.M. for "Green Mansions" included him again,

Originally Vincente Minnelli was going to direct.

Thus, while Ferrer has formed a protective shield over Audrey to the point of interference — he vetoed a horse she was to ride in "War and Peace," and took three weeks to select another — he has made it clear that people have to come to him when they want Audrey Hepburn.

It is this and the deals that make him co-star or her director that bring out the suspicions that Mel Ferrer has hitched his waggon to his wife's star.

Both know about the sus-picions. Both laugh them off. They want and need each other, they claim.

"Audrey is a natural being an artificial world," Mel

told a reporter recently.
"She is honest and without guile. No amount of success will ever change her person-ality. That's why I fell in love with her."

First love

"Mel's qualities are so enor-mous," Audrey told the same

"I just can't put them into the right words. All we want to do is to work out our film plans so that we can keep to-gether as much as possible."

By now Ferrer has so little hair left on top of an ascetic head that he uses a toupee when appearing in public.

In good shape, thanks to constant tennis, horse-riding, and other exercises, he man-ages to look well at the side of a radiant Audrey.

Ferrer is Audrey's first real

She had been engaged to a young Englishman named Jim-mie Hanson, but this was in the confusing days of her youthful struggle to find a place in English films.

She and her mother had come to London from war-

come to London from war-scarred Arnhem, Belgium, lucky to be alive, and hungry. To the undernourished little girl with the over-long neck, over-large mouth, and stars in her eyes, Jimmy was a knight in shining armor.

She woke up on the Broad-way stage, the youthful star of "Gigi." Jimmy was told hers had been a case of puppy

They have never met again.



DRIVEN HOME. When Audrey is working in a film without Mel, he always makes a point of being there to pick her up and take her home when she leaves the studio.

New Film Releases

AFTERNOON

United Artists romantic comedy, with Audrey Hep-burn, Gary Cooper, Maurice Chevalier. Mayfair, Sydney.

THE burden of carrying ageing male stars is at last taking its toll of gallant Audrey Hepburn, and

As the little Parisian cello student who teaches notorious international playboy Cooper about love, she noticeably lacks her usual life and

Once the wholesome, inarticulate cowboy, but now high in the Hollywood hier-archy of tired old charmers, Cooper appears quite nause-atingly wolfish in the love scenes with his young co-star.

It is time, too, that Audrey, now a young matron of some years, was allowed to gradu-ate from doe-eyed adolescence.

An unmitigated joy as Audrey's private inquiry agent rather is Maurice Chevalier,

OUR FILM GRADINGS

** Excellent

Above average * Average

No stars-below average or not yet reviewed.

who proves himself the master of the telling line and the deli-cately balanced character

Most of the action of this made-in-Paris film takes place in the famous Ritz Hotel, where Cooper keeps a perma-nent suite. Audrey goes there to warn him of a jealous hus-band with a gun (one of her father's clients), and returns because she just can't keep

Both the dialogue and the Both the dialogue and the situations are frequently very funny indeed, but the over-leisurely pace at which the film is taken makes it a souffle that has been allowed to sink in the middle.

In a word: ENTERTAINS. THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958

Gossip from the studios

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

AUSTRALIA'S Dorothy Alison has just landed her biggest film plum yet, and has flown to Rome to start work in "The Nun's Story" as Sister Aurelie, companion to Audrey Hepburn's Sister Luke.

an ambitious scale for Wal-ner Brothers by class producer Fred Zinnerman, celebrated for his production of "From Here to Eternity."

The part of Sister Aurelie is the top feature role, and offers Dorothy her finest dramatic chance yet as the nun who meets her death from a crazed native killer in a Belgian Congo hospital.

Dorothy flew to Rome with

her two-year-old son, Seth, and installed him in a Rome hotel

suite with his nurse.
Filming will continue in Rome until March, when the company will go on location in the Belgian Congo.

Australian participation in

The film is being made on ambitious scale for Warer Brothers by class producer red Zinnerman, celebrated or his production of "From tunati."

"The Nun's Story" is strong, with Peter Finch co-starring as the dedicated but somewhat profane Italian Dr. Fortunati.

THIS should be one for the women's matinee trade. Blond actress Jan Sterling has bought "Afternoon Meeting,"

bought "Afternoon Meeting," a story based on Parents and Teachers' Associations, and is trying to get Universal to make it, with herself as star.

* * * *

BIG things are expected of young Sarah Marshall, daughter of old-time stars Edna Best and Herbert Marshall. Sarah's work in "Long, Hot Summer" has come in for some very favorable comment.

National Library of Australia



DELICIOUS but not rich . . . NUTRITIOUS but not starchy! Thanks to the magic of Hansen's Junket tablets and pure, fresh milk—this easy-to-make dessert is one of the most wholesome and appetising treats you can give your family. Hansen's Junket is available in plain or wonderful fruit flavours of strawberry, raspberry, pineapple, almond or cherry. Why not serve Hansen's Junket tonight?



HANSEN'S

PEACH SHORTCAKE

I plain junket tablet, I testpoon cold water,
I pint milk, I heeped teblespoon suger, I tesspoon lemon flaveurins. 4 piccts sponge cake (left-ever cake may be used), fresh or timed peaches.
Place the places of coke in the battom of the desired dishes. Put two or three slices of the dishest dishes. Put two or three slices of the tinned of fresh peaches over the top of each piece of coke. Dissolve under tablet in I tenspoon cold wider. Worm milk, sugar and lemon flavouring to LUKEWARM—not hat.
Remove tram stove. Add dissolved tablet. Six o free seconds and pour over pieces of coke and peaches, let set until firm—about ten minutes. Top with peach halves and cherries. Chill.

RASPBERRY FIG JUNKET

2 raspberry-flavoured junket tablets, I teaspoon cale water, I pint milk, I heaped
tablespoon sugar, a lew drops of cochineal,
¿ cup mached preserved figs.
Dissolve rospberry-flavoured junket tablets in
I teaspoon cold water. Worm milk and
cachineal, adding I heaped tablespoon sugar.
Remove from stave. Add dissolved tablets.
Stir a tew seconds and pour at ance into
individual dessert glassm. Let set until framabout ten minutes. Chill. At serving time,
top each dessert with the praserved figs and,
it desired, dot with bits at whipped cream.

INMNET WITH PUREE OF BANAMA.

1 plain junket tablet, I teaspoon cold water.
1 plain milk, I heaped fablespoon suger, 2 teaspoons suger, I teaspoon suger, 2 teaspoons suger, I teaspoon generally to the bottom of the cold water, I teaspoon areange juice, out who bottoms sinto slices and put over the full teaspoon of the cold water cup of world; teaspoons of the cold water cold water, and the cold water cold water, and the cold water since the hos been suger and one of gelatime, they have been cold in that the bottom of the glosses, Chill, I water the cold water. Sir until dissolved one of the cold water cold water size water, water wate JUNKET WITH PUREE OF BANANA

ALMOND NUT JUNKET
2 almond-flevoured junket tablets, 1 teaspoon
cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon
sugar, 1 level tablespoon sugar, almonds,

cherries.

Dissolve almond-flavoured joriket tablets in 1 reospoon coid water. Warm mith and odd 1 heaped ableton sugar, Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablets, 5tir a few seconds and pour at order into individual dessert glasses. Let set until firm-about ten minutes. Chill. When ready to serve, whip the cream just before it is stiff, add 1 level tablespoon of sugar and mix thoroughly together. Put whipped cream on-top of each dish of junket and garrish with chapped almonds and cherries.

FRUIT FLAVOURED or PLAIN

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Continuing ... 4.50 From Paddington

in the house? Old Mr. Crack-enthorpe, Emma, Gedric—"
"Harold and Alfred They'd come down from London in the afternoon. Oh, and Bryan— Bryan Eastley. But he left just before dinner. He had to meet a man in Brackhampton."

a man in Brackhampton."

Craddock said thoughtfully,
"It ties up with the old man's
illness at Christmas. Quimper
suspected that that was
arsenic. Did they all seem
equally ill last night?"

Lucy considered. "I think
old Mr. Crackenthorpe seemed
the worst. Dr. Quimper had to
work like a maniac on him.
He's a jolly good doctor, I
will say. Cedric made by far
the most fuss. Of course strong
healthy people always do."
"What about Emma?"
"She has been pretty bad."

"She has been pretty bad."
"Why Alfred, I wonder?"
said Craddock.
"I know," said Lucy. "I suppose it was meant to be Alfred?"
"Furner."

'Funny - I asked that too!" "It seems, somehow, pointless."

pointless."

"If I could only get at the motive for all this business," said Craddock. "It doesn't seem to tie up. The strangled woman in the sarcophagus was E d m u n d Crackenthorpe's widow, Martine, Let's assume that. It's pretty well proved by now. There must be a connection between that and the deliberate poisoning of Alfred. It's all here, in the family somewhere. Even saying one of them's mad doesn't help."

"Not really," Lucy agreed.

them's mad doesn't help."
"Not really," Lucy agreed.
"Well, look after yourself,"
said Craddock warningly.
"There's a poisoner in this
house, remember, and one of
your patients upstairs probably
isn't as ill as he pretends to
he."

be."

Lucy went upstairs again slowly after Craddork's departure. An imperious voice, somewhat weakened by illness, called to her as she passed old Mr. Crackenthorpe's room.

"Girl—girl—is that you? Come here."

Lucy entered the room. Mr. Crackenthorpe was lying in bed well propped up with pillows. For a sick man he was looking, Lucy thought, remarkably cheerful.

ably cheerful.

"The house is full of beastly hospital nurses." complained Mr. Crackenthorpe. "Rustling about, making themselves important, taking my temperature, not giving me what I want to eat — a pretty penny all that must be costing. Tell Emma to send 'em away. You could look after me quite well."

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from page 52

"Everybody's been taken ill, Mr. Crackenthorpe," said Lucy. "I can't look after every-

"Mushrooms," said Mr.
Grackenthorpe, "Damned dangerous things, mushrooms, It was that soup we had last night. You made it," he added accusingly.

"The mushrooms were quite all right, Mr. Crackenthorpe."

"I'm not blaming you, girl, I'm not blaming you. It's hap-pened before. One blasted fungus slips in and does it.

come to me," said Dr. Morin, irritably.

"You've known the Cracken, thorpe family a long time, said Inspector Craddock.

"Yes, yes, I knew all the Crackenthorpes. I remember old Josiah Crackenthorpe II was a hard nut—shrewd man though. Made a lot of money. He shifted his aged form in his chair and peered under bashy eyebrows at Inspector Craddock."

dock.
"So you've been listening to
that young fool, Quimper," he
said. "These zealous young doc,
tors! Always getting ideas in



Nobody can tell. I know you're a good girl. You wouldn't do it on purpose. How's Emma?" "Feeling rather better this afternoon."

afternoon."
"Ah. And Harold?"

"Ah. And Harold?"
"He's better, too."
"What's this about Alfred having kicked the bucket?"
"Nobody's supposed to have told you that, Mr. Crackenthorne."

Mr. Grackenthorpe laughed, a high, whinnying laugh of intense amusement. "I hear things," he said. "Can't keep things from the old man. They try to. So Alfred's dead, is he? He won't sponge on me and try to. So Alfred's dead, is he? He won't sponge on me any more, and he won't get any of the money either. They've all been waiting for me to die, you know — Alfred in particular. Now he's dead. I call that rather a good joke."

"That's not very kind of you, Mr. Crackenthorpe," said Lacy severely.

severely.

Mr. Crackenthorpe laughed again. "I'll outlive them all," he crowed. "You see if I don't, my girl. You see if I don't."

Lucy went to her room, she took out her dictionary and looked up the word "tontine." She closed the book thought-fully and stared ahead of her.

"Don't see why you want to

their neads. Got it into in head that somebody was trying to poison Luther Crackenthorpe. Nonsense! Melodramal
Of course, he had gastric attacks. I treated him for them
Didn't happen very oftennothing peculiar about them.

"Dr. Quimper," said Crad-ck, "seemed to think there

"Doesn't do for a doctor to go thinking. After all, I thould hope I could recognise areateral poisoning when I saw it." "Quite a lot of well-known doctors haven't noticed it." Craddock pointed out. "There was"—he drew upon his memory—"the Greenbarrow case, Mrs. Rency, Charles Leed, three people in the Westbarfamily, all buried nicely and tidily without the doctors who attended them having the least suspicion. Those doctors were all good, reputable men.

"All right, all right," aid

all good, reputable men.

"All right, all right," said
Doctor Morris, "you're saying
that I could have made a matake. Well, I don't think I tid."
He paused and then said, "Whe
did Quimper think was doing
it—if it was being done?"

"He didn't know." said

"He didn't know," said Craddock. "He was worried

To page 57

IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - January 22, 195

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958

Continuing . . . 4.50 From

Paddington from page 56

After all, you know," he added, "there's a great deal of money there."

"Yes, yes, I know, which they'll get when Luther Crack-enthorpe dies. And they want it pretty badly. That is true enough, but it doesn't follow that they'd kill the old man to get it."

"Not necessarily," agreed In-spector Craddock.

spector Craddock.

"Anyway," said Dr. Morris,
"my principle is not to go about
suspecting things without due
cause. Due cause," he repeated.
"I'll admit that what you've
just told me has shaken me up
a bit. Arsenic on a big scale,
apparently—but I still don't see
why you come to me. All I can
tell you is that I didn't suspect it. Maybe I should have.
Maybe I should have taken
those gastric attacks of Luther
Crackenthorpe's much more
seriously. But you've got a
long way beyond that now."

Graddock agreed. "What I

Graddock agreed. "What I really need," he said, "is to know a little more about the Crackenthorpe family. Is there any queer mental strain in them—a kink of any kind?"

—a kink of any kind?"

The eyes under the bushy eyebrows looked at him sharply. "Yes, I can see your thoughts might run that way. Well, old Josiah was sane enough. Hard as nails, very much all there. His wife was neurotic, had a tendency to melancholia. Came of an inbred family. She died soon after her second son was born. I'd say, you know, that Luther inherited a certain born. I'd say, you know, tha Luther inherited a certain-well, instability, from her.

well, instability, from her.

"He was commonplace enough as a young man, but he was always at loggerheads with his father. His father was disappointed in him and I think he resented that and brooded on it, and in the end got a kind of obsession about it. He carried that on into his own

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married life. You'll notice, if you talk to him at all, that he's got a hearty dislike for all his own sons. His daughters he was fond of. Both Emma and Edie—the one who died."

"Why does he dislike the sons so much?" asked Craddock

dock.
"You'll have to go to one of
these new-fashioned psychiatrists to find that out. I'd just
say that Luther has never felt
very adequate as a man himsay that Luther has never felt very adequate as a man him-self, and that he bitterly re-sents his financial position. He has possession of an income but no power of appointment of capital. If he had the power to disinherit his sons he probably wouldn't dislike them as much. Being powerless in that respect gives him a feeling of humili-ation."

ation."

"That's why he's so pleased at the idea of outliving them all?" said Inspector Craddock.

"Possibly. It is the root, too, of his parsimony, I think. I should say that he's managed to save a considerable sum out of his large income — mostly, feeting before taxation rose. to save a considerable sum out of his large income mostly, of course, before taxation rose to its present giddy heights."

A new idea struck Inspector Craddock. "I suppose he's left his savings by will to someone? That he can do."

"Oh, yes, though God knows who he has left it to. Maybe

to Emma, but I should rather doubt it. She'll get her share of the old man's money. Maybe

to Alexander, the grandson."
"He's fond of him, is he?"
said Craddock.

said Craddock.

"Used to be. Of course he was his daughter's child, not a son's child. That may have made a difference. And he had quite an affection for Bryan Eastley, Edie's husband. Of course I don't know Bryan well, it's some years since I've seen any of the family. But it struck me that he was going to be very much at a loose end after the war. He's got those

A LL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fletitious and have no refrence to any living person.

qualities that you need in war-time; courage, dash, and a tendency to let the future take care of itself. But I don't think he's got any stability. He probably turn into a drifter. He'll

"As far as you know there's no peculiar kink in any of the younger generation?"

"Cedric's an eccentric type, one of those natural rebels. I wouldn't say he was perfectly normal, but you might say, who is? Harold's fairly orthodox, not what I call a very pleasant character, cold-hearted, eye to the main chance. Alfred's got a touch of the delinquent about him. He's a wrong 'un, always was. Saw him taking money out of a missionary box once that they used to keep in the hall. That type of thing. Ah, well, the poor fellow's dead, I suppose I shouldn't be talking against him."

"What about ..." Cradodck

'What about . ." Gradodck itated. "Emma Cracken-

"What about ..." Cradodck hesitated. "Emma Crackenthorpe?"

"Nice girl, quiet, one doesn't always know what she's thinking. Has her own plans and her own ideas, but she keeps them to herself. She's more character than you might think from her general manner and appearance."

"You knew Edmund, I sup-pose, the son who was killed in France?"

"Yes. He was the best of the bunch I'd say. Good-hearted, gay, a nice boy."
"Did you ever hear that he

"Did you ever hear that he was going to marry, or had married, a French girl just before he was killed?"

Dr. Morris frowned. "It seems as though I remember something about it," he said. "but it's a long time ago."

"Quite early on in the war, wasn't it?"

"Yes Ah well. I dare say.

"Yes. Ah, well, I dare say he'd have lived to regret it if he had married a foreign wife."

"There's some reason to be-lieve that he did do just that," said Craddock.

In a few brief sentences he we an account of recent hap-

gave an account of recent happenings.

"I remember seeing something in the papers about a woman found in a sarcophagus. So it was at Rutherford Hall"

"And there's reason to believe that the woman was Edmund Crackenthorpe's widow."

"Well, well, that seems extraordinary. More like a novel than real life. But who'd want to kill the poor thing — I mean, how does it tie up with arsenical poisoning in the Crackenthorpe family?"

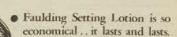
arsenical poisoning in the Crackenthorpe family?"
"In one of two ways," said Craddock; "but they are both very far-fetched. Somebody perhaps is greedy and wants the whole of Josiah Crackenthorpe's fortune." thorpe's fortune

"Silly fool if he does," said Dr. Morris "He'll only have to pay the most stupendous taxes on the income from it."

To be concluded



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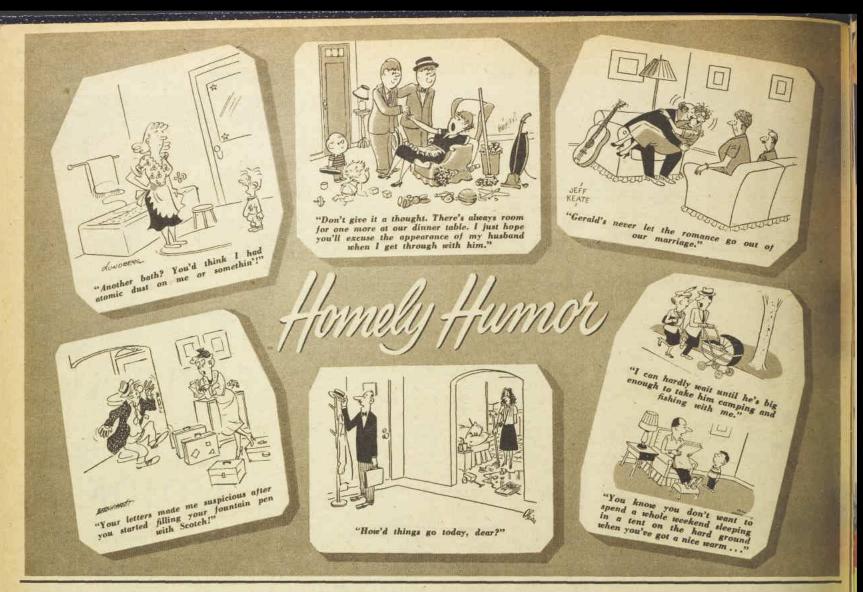
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never paid for it, that's cer-tain," Mrs. Barlow commented scornfully.)

A few days before I was due to return home, my godmother came up to my room while I was changing for dinner and sat on the bed and talked to

"I've neglected you lately, Biddy. I hope you haven't minded much, and that you don't think too badly of me on account of—" She stopped and flushed, shy as a girl, her fingers twisting the pink bobbles of the quilt. of the quilt.

"Of course not, Aunt Jan," I assured her vehemently. "How could I? I don't care what

could 1? I don't care what anyone says—"
"They all think I'm acting very stupidly, don't they?"
"I don't."
"Well, they're quite right. I am. All my life I've had to be prudent and wise and cautious; and now, just for once, I'm going to do something preposterously silly—getting married at my age to a man I've known for less than three months. Did you ever hear of such nonsense?"
For answer I sat beside her

For answer I sat beside her and threw my arms round her neck. "Dear Aunt Jan, I only want you to be happy. If you love Tom, and if he loves you

She said dreamily, locked in my arms: "He's like no man I ever met, Biddy, as full of surprises as a conjurer's hat. One doesn't know what may come out, good or bad. But whatever it is to be I shall accept it. I want nothing, any more, but just to be with him."

She drove to the station with me on the day I left, and in the taxi she said, "I may not see you again for a long time, child. Tom thinks I should have a long rest from business and he is taking me abroad. We shall stay at least a year, leaving Mrs. Barlow to run the hotel. I am resigning from

Continuing

the council. We are going to Paris, and Rome, and after that —to Honolulu, for all I know. Think of it, Biddy. I feel so —so adventurous. To see such places, and with Tom—it's almost too much. It's like a miracle. It's—"

"Magic casements opening wide—" I quoted softly.

"Yes—those are the very words I was groping for."

SHE kissed me fondly before I got into the train, in itself a sign of her new-found emotional release. Then she said, a trifle nervously, "That talk we had. Biddy; do you remember? About my plans for your future?"

"Yes, Aunt Jan"

"Yes, Aunt Jan."
"I feel I should tell you—
I hope you won't be disappointed—that there will have to be some adjustment, in the light of my marriage to Tom You understand what I mean don't you?"
"Of course I do. Don't worry. I can look after myself. Goodbye, Aunt Jan. Be happy. That's all I care about."
She looked very small and.

She looked very small and, somehow, defenceless, waving her handkerchief from the receding platform. It was the last I was to see of her for ten years.

ten years.

It is not easy to review objectively the happenings of those years. The cynical, the worldly wise, would have seen in it nothing but the despoiling of a wealthy, besotted woman by an attractive scoundrel.

drel.

It was a dream-like existence, a kaleidoscopic shifting from scene to scene of exotic color gaiety, and excitement. The dream was one from which she knew that she must finally awaken; but while it lasted she gave herself to it with ecstasy.

A Little Madness

from page 26

The newly married pair went first to Paris, as they had planned. They took a magnificent suite at the Ambassadeur—and they went shopping.

Tom chose for his wife such clothes as she had never even imagined on other women, let alone on herself. At first she was terrified to set foot in the street in them, lest people laugh

EDUCATION

To make your children capable of honesty is the begin-ning of education.

—John Ruskin.

THE successful teacher is one whose main interest is the children, not the subject.
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

HERE are only three pleasures in life pure and lasting, and all are derived from inanimate things books, pictures and the face of Nature.

—William Hazlitt.

at her. But she quickly realised that they were far more liable to laugh at the kind of garments to which she was accustomed.

So she steeled herself to wear the ridiculous hat, the exquisite, impossible dress. And she was a success, openly admired wherever they went—at Auteuil, Chantilly, to cabarets, theatres, concerts. What it all cost she had not the faintest idea. (She had placed a large sum of money at Tom's dis-

posal and given him power of

posal and given and attorney.)
When later she found out she was astonished but not dismayed. It added to her pride that he was known at many of the smart places they frequented. If sometimes she was aware of the covert glance, the lifted eyebrow, she paid no heed.

From Paris they went south to the casinos and beaches of the Cote d'Azur, and thence to to the casinos and beaches of the Cote d'Azur, and thence to Morocco, Algiers, Casablanca, Cairo. They sailed in a chartered yacht among the islands of the Aegean and the Adriatic, and wintered in a pinkwashed villa in Cyprus. By day she wandered among olive groves and little stony villages, or sunned herself on a balcony overhung with myrtle and bougainvillea; by night she slept in Tom's arms, every breath a paean of gratitude for him.

She had no standards by which to judge him as a lover, for he was the first and only one in her life. But it seemed to her that if more men were like him there would be a deal less sadness in the world. He was attentive, chivalrous, and kind.

She could not at first adapt herself to the luxury of a man's companionship and protection. Tom teased her because she couldn't utter the word "husband" without blushing.

This year's idyll lengthened into two, into three. Reports came regularly from Mrs. Barlow during the first year and were read by my godmother with diminishing interest. Southeliff and the Bella Vista were receding together into the tedious past.

Utterly given to her new life, he was together and the programme of the content of the content of the received to the received the diminishing interest.

tedious past.

Utterly given to her new life, she was not greatly concerned when Mrs. Barlow's letters became briefer and less frequent, and when, reading between the lines, she could tell that the hotel was not what it was under her own supervision. In '38 her own supervision. In '38 came a grave warning from Mr.

Kemp.

They were back by then on the Riviera, near to the casinos that Tom loved. There was a villa for sale near Nice, with a vineyard attached and a teraced garden scented with mimosa. It was expensive, but Tom liked it, and it was in her mind to buy it and make a permanent home there.

She could pay periodic visits to Southcliff to keep control over affairs at the Bella Vista. She instructed Mr. Kemp to realise some of her remaining capital and negotiate for the villa.

THERE followed an angry exchange of letters between them. Mr. Kemp laid emphasis on three important points. First, it was not mere periodic visits that were needed if matters at the hotel were not to go from bad to

periodic visits that were needed if matters at the hotel were not to go from bad to worse but her continued presence there. Second, without disposing of the Bella Vista itself, he could not raise the money she asked for. And lastly, irrespective of business affairs, he urged her strongly to return in view of the threatening international situation.

My godmother replied that if war came she would rather be in the south of France than in Southcliff. Shocked and reluctant though he was. Mr. Kemp had no option but to comply with her instructions to sell the Bella Vista. The price he obtained was influenced by the war scare and the falling off in takings over the past two years, but it was enough and more to pay for the "Villa Mimosa."

The Downings settled into

and more to pay for the "Villa Mimosa."

The Downings settled into their new home. They enjoyed themselves like a pair of carefree children choosing the furnishings and decorations. Perhaps not entirely carefree.

My godmother had se enough to see that they co not continue much longer not continue much longer to live on this extravagant scale, and she kept at the back of her mind the idea of turning the villa into a guest-house if the need should arise. She did not believe, and neither did Tom, that war was inevitable.

Tom, that war was inevitable
They were the more bewildered, therefore, when the
blow fell and Tom was recalled
to his old regiment, Aunt Jan
remained where she was. Reviewing her resources, sin
found that she had very little
left. Tom's gambling losses,
added to the demands of hi
luxurious tastes, had eaten up
all that remained of her cap
all that remained of her cap
had come to her with the
chastened look of a small bor
raiding the larder.
"Why don't you stold me'
Tell me I'm a rotter and a
swine. Go on. I can take i
—from you."

For answer she had given

swine. Go on. I can take it—from you."

For answer she had given him the assurance he looked for.

"I love you," she said simply. "I don't begrudge anything that gives you pleasure.

"Darling Jinnie-girl. You're an angel to me. I wish I were a better man and worthy to be your husband. Shall I turnover a new leaf, take a job, and become a virtuous member of the community?"

"It would be a waste. I think. Anyone can be an antout it takes talent to be grasshopper. Listen to then singing."

Without Tom her life became quiet, humdrum. She lived sparinely, read a lottended her vines, and tried not to think of what the future might hold. The war was till very far away, and in the meantime she had Tom's letters to bring her comfort. They were wonderful letters, full of To page 60

To page 60

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958



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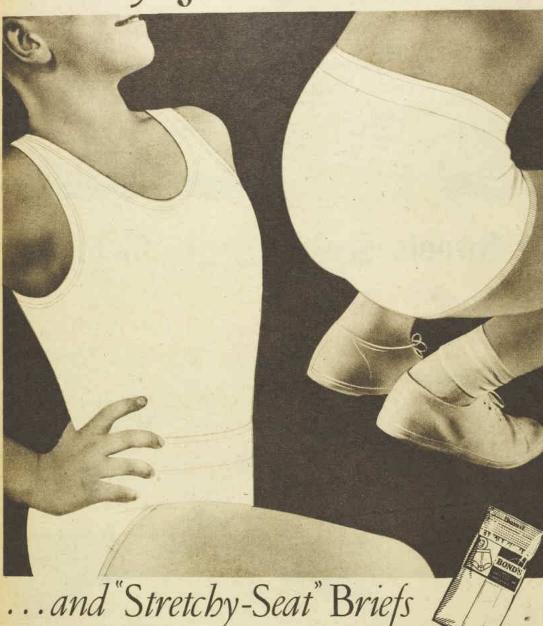
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Continuing

A Little Madness

tenderness and gratitude, yet so amusing that often they made her laugh when she wanted to

her laugh when she wanted to cry.

Early in the new year he was sent overseas and stationed in the Ardennes in command of a gun battery. As soon as he could get forty-eight hours' leave he flew south to see her, looking very handsome in his uniform and full of good spirits. Of that brief reunion I can give no details, for subsequently Aunt Jan could never bring herself to talk of it. It was too precious a memory.

Aunt Jan could never bring herself to talk of it. It was too precious a memory.

She did not see Tom again. He was killed during the retreat to Dunkirk.

After that it did not matter that the world was collapsing about her in ruins and that she herself stood in the path of the avalanche. When the Wehrmacht thundered into Nice she was interned for a time and then released. Then rearrested, harshly interrogated, and finally allowed to return to her villa to minister to the comfort of German officers billeted there. She accepted all these changes of fortune with stony indifference. Her heart had died with Tom.

The years of the Occupation dragged on. She shopped, cooked, and cleaned for a succession of German "guests." She had expected them to be brutal and tyrannous, but with few exceptions they were courteous and well behaved—until the tide of war turned against them.

HEN, out of fear HEN, out of tear or malice, their attitude changed. They held wild drinking parties, careless of the damage they did. Retreating, they looted the place, leaving her with the shabby shell of her once beautiful home, and without means to repair the damage.

damage.

Also, for the first time since Tom's death, she was feeling homesick. She sold the villa for what little she could get for it, and returned to England.

Her financial position would have here dereasts but for

Her financial position would have been desperate but for the fact that shortly before her marriage to Tom, and unknown to him, she had purchased a small annuity. This, with her pension, was enough to keep her in modest comfort.

It was partly curiosity, partly a longing to return to the place she still thought of as her real home, that prompted her to re-visit Southcliff and to stay at the Bella Vista. It was now owned and managed by an industrious young couple an industrious young couple named Dodson, to whom she took an instant liking. She decided to make her home there for the rest of her days. She did not delude herself that She did not delude herself that much more time remained to her. The shock of Tom's death and the work and strain of the war years had all contrived to weaken her heart.

war years had all contrived to weaken her heart.

She went out little, being content to sit and dream in a sunny corner of the lounge among the other elderly residents—the retired civil servants and army men, the crotchety, rich, old women. Like them she had her favorite chair, her allotted place at table, her particular periodicals. Like them she complained at times, though always gently, of draughts, and the carelessness of chambermaids.

I was greatly surprised, the more so when I saw the familiar notepaper heading, to receive her letter asking me to come and see her. Leaving my husband and the twins, I hastened to Southcliff.

Ten years had passed since our last meeting. It moved me almost to tears to see how old, how frail she looked. But she welcomed me with warm affection.

"What must you think of The Australian Women"

from page 58

me, Biddy?" she said, as we sat together in her small room in the east wing. "After the promise I gave you, I can leave you nothing. You have a right to feel bitter against me. "Don't be silly, Aunt Jan. If I do feel bitter it's on you account, not on mine. Is seem soo hard that—"I I paused, looking about the narrow room and re me m be ring her former spacious quarters. Sensing what I could not bring myself to say, she put her thin ringless hand taken all her jewels, even her wedding ring.

"Don't say it, Biddy. I know what you're thinking. Have you heard the proverb, I think it's a Spanish one, that goes." Take what you want, says God, and pay for it? Such a sinister remark, I always think. It implies that the price to be paid is always too high."

"You don't feel then that it was?"

She turned and looked at me.

was?"

She turned and looked at me with such astonishment that I felt ashamed, and hastened to add, "Forgive me. My husband's love is certainly beyond price to me, and so I can understand that you felt the same."

She was silent for a long moment. Then she said quietly, "Not quite the same, You see, Tom didn't love me."

It was my turn to look astronished.

tonished.

It was my turn to look astonished.

She went on, "At least, not in the sense that Freddie loves you. But you mustn't misunderstand me, nor Tom either. In spirod all the hard things that have been said about him, he was in his own way a man of honor. He repaid me with tenderness, kindness, absolute loyalty. I didn't ask for more. If it was folly to throw away everything I once possessed for five year of perfect happiness, then I suppose I have been a foolish woman. It's a nice point, but you must form your own conclusions. For myself, I can only say that I have no regren. The next time I went to be her I took the twins. The visit gave her such pleasure that I was more than compessated for the bother and expense. Not long afterwards I received news that Mrn. Downing had died in her sleep.

For the last time I made the

pense. Not long alterwals received news that Mrs. Doening had died in her sleep.

For the last time I made the journey to Southcliff. It was high summer, and the Bella Vista was packed with visiton. Walking back to it after the funeral I stopped to stare up at the familiar red-brick front. My eyes sought out the room under the gable, my own and special one, opening on to the little balcony. And at oace I was carried back into the past with a jolt that was almost painful. For there, hanging by the selfsame knob on the railing, was a long strip of crinkled seaweed flapping in the supshing.

seaweed flapping in the mashine.

The Dodsons accompanied me to my godmother's room and begged me to take away anything I fancied as a memento of her. Her possessions were pitifully few. Clothes, some books and magazines, a knitting-land and a procession to the state of the sta books and magazines, a knitton-bag, an air cushion, toilet ar-ticles, and a pot of freesas. There was nothing that spoke to me of her, save one item—the little ashtray from Provence. me of her, save one forman me of her, save one forman me forman place on my writing-table. Inscription on it says in thirteen words all that I've tried to tell in as many pages:
"Il faut dans la vie

Beaucoup de sagesse
Et un peu de folie."
And for those of you who
don't speak French that means.
Life should have a lot of wisdom and a little madness.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1958

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F4361.—Gymnasium dress and matching panties. Sizes 12, 14, and 16 years. Re-quires 3½ to 3½yds. 36in. material, žyd. bias binding, and one 10in. zipper. Price 3,66 Fashion PATTERNS F4337. — Smartly tailored junior tennis dress. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Requires 2‡ to 3‡yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-, F4123. — School uniform. Sizes 30 to 38in. lengths. Requires 2\(\frac{1}{2}\) to 3\(\frac{1}{2}\)vds. 36in. material and \(\frac{1}{2}\)vd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6. F4337 F4361 F4123 F4293 F3795 - Tailored F4293. — Tailored uniform. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Requires 2½ to 3 1-3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6. F3795.—School dress designed with a front-buttoned fastening and contrasting collar. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1 2-3yds. to 3yds. 36in. striped material and ½yd. 36in. white material. Price 3/6. F3173.—Blazer for boy or girl. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Requires 1½ to 2yds, 54in. material, ½ to ½yds, 36in. lining, and 3 to 4yds. braid. Price 2/6. F4379.—School uniform. Sizes 28 to 36in. bust. Requires 3 to 3\(\frac{1}{2}\)yds. 36in. material, and one 6 to 8in. zipper. Price 3/6. BEGINNERS' PATTERN F4106.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make school blouse with short or long sleeves. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1 1-3rd to 1\(\frac{1}{2}\)yds. 36in. material for long-sleeved design; 1 to 1\(\frac{1}{2}\)yds. 36in. material for the short-sleeved design. Price 2/~. /F4379 No C.O.D. orders accepted. NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS No. 686 — TENNIS DRESS Diece front-buttoned tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in rised white popiln and white pique, Sizes: 33 and 34in, bust, 27/3; 36 and 38in, 28/8. Postage and registration 2/9 extra. No. 637 — SMALL GIBL'S SHORTIE PYJAMAS The pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to make in printed summer-breeze cotton. The material is available in blue and white only. Sizes: 4 years, 21/3; 5 to 6 years, 26/6; 7 to 8 years, 26/9; 9 to 10 years, 27/3; 11 to 12 years, 28/9; 13 to 14 years, 29/6. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Ns. 636 — SCHOOL UNIFORM Tailored uniform is obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton headcloth. The color choice includes beige, pink, lemon, saxe-blue, and green. Shrest 5 to 6 years, 38/6; 10 3 to 12 years, 39: 9 to 10 years, 42/2; 11 to 12 years, 43/6; 13 to 12 years, 43/6; 13 to 12 years, 43/6; 13 color parts, 43/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra. No. 628 — SMALL GIRL'S PETTICOAT AND PANTIES Preity and practical twosome is obtainable cut out ready to make in good-quality lawn. The color choice includes pale pink, pale blue, and white. Sizes: 2 years, 17/3; 3 to 4 years, 18/11; 5 to 6 years, 19/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. 639

A new kind of deodorant that is easy to apply



MUM ROLLETTE it rolls on!



- More effective than crumbly sticks!
- Not messy like sprays!
- · Won't irritate normal skin!

MUM ROLLETTE is a new kind of deodorant that rolls on more effective protection... from the miracle revolving marble built into the top of the bottle. There is no mess, no drip, no waste! This gentle lotion checks perspiration..., stops adour for a full 24 hours. Perfectly safe for normal skin—won't damage clothing.

Only 7/6

MRS

Scientists find safe, easy way to remove facial hair at home without electrolysis

Leaves skin velvety smooth

Hair on a woman's face is an unsightly blight to her appearance. But fortunately women can now be free from embarrassing hair on the face, as well as the arms and legs, because two scientists have developed a most simple, easy and medically-proven way to remove excess hair at home . . . Neelo, a cosmetic creme.

Thanks to Neelo, women

no longer have to resort to electrolysis which is so expensive, often painful. No longer do women have to resort to the vicious habit of shaving, which keeps bringing the hair back so coarse.

This highly successful

method of removing hair is used by more women today than any other. Do not confuse Neelo with old fashioned, evil smelling depilatories which irritate and take so long to use. Neelo is a pink, odorless cosmetic creme and so easy to use. Just smooth Neelo on like a face cream — then wash hair off in a minute. Neelo gently dissolves hair below the skin's surface. That's why the skin always feels so velvety smooth without coarse regrowth.

Don't let unwanted hair ruin your appearance. Buy new, odorless Neelo Cream Hair Remover today. KY223R

HE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 195





MANDRAKE: Master magician, has a plan for closing the flying casino run by dishonest gambler "Honest" John. Wangling himself an invitation to visit the casino, Mandrake makes himself unpopular with John and upsets the patrons by questioning the honesty of the gaming tables. John orders his hench-

men to catch Mandrake and throw him out. A dozen Mandrakes seem to flee in all directions, confusing the pursuers. Meanwhile, the real Mandrake visits the pilot and hypnotises him. John finally finds and throws Mandrake out of the dirigible, believing he will be killed. NOW READ ON:



























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ite now giving your name and as, or call if you're in the city. MITCHELL & SILVER, 136 Fitt Street, Sydney.

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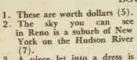


THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Risky purchase of a domestic animal (3, 3, 2, 1, 4).
- Castle where Gregory VII humiliated the Emperor Henry IV (7).
 Comparatively unimportant (5).
- Satisfy appetite characteristic of creative people (3).
- Gun tune (Anagr. 7).
- Owns to allow pig's fry (6).
- I'm turning in an upturned basket containing a rank-smelling sedative (6).
- Though you find it in suras, this is not the language of the Koran (7). 19. Turn a lick into a friend (3).
- 21. Confidence very much oxidised (5).
- 22. Red luce (Anagr. 7).
- 23. Goal is the main purpose of his life (6, 7).

Solution will be published next week



- (7).
 3. A piece let into a dress is net or could be (5).
 4. I take a vehicle to us carrying the victim of an early flying accident (6).
 5. A. G. Rimer esquire (7).
 6. Mountain panther of small weight (5).
 7. Eccentric blunder with a convulsive twitching (7).

- 12. An unorthodox being may cite her (7).

 13. Cover it, he wants to eject you from your holding (7).

 15. Fever-producing disease ending in a song (7).

 16. Swallow up as in a whirlpool (6).

 18. Show contempt when a bookie carries a vase-shaped vessel (5).

 19. A horse trained so carries a winning card (5).

 20. Be a father of a godly interjection (5).



Outdoor Girls Especially need protective NIVEA care

Glorious golden tans tend to dry out the natural oils of lovely skins. Nivea replaces these oils because it contains Eucerite - the nearest

thing in this world to the natural oils of the skin. Whether you sunbathe or not use Nivea regularly this Summer to nourish your skin.



SKIN needs NIVEA

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Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance only when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose...

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